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VOLTERRA.

FROM THE MS. PRIVATE JOURNAL OF THE LATE
THOMAS COLE.

VISIT TO VOLTERRA.—August 24, 1831.—I am afraid that the days of romantic feeling are passing quite away. Converse with the world is daily deadening that sense of the beautiful in nature, which has been through all my early life such a source of delight. Intercourse with men, I conceive, has induced this apathy, especially since my sojourn in Europe; and yet I cannot see how it should have so benumbing an effect upon the soul. I have now been in Italy three months, and really how little I have felt. Italy!—where all beside me seem wrought to transport!—I am grieved: still I hope to feel again; the dull cloud surely will pass over.

I am writing this in Poggi, a village about twenty-three miles from Florence, after supper, sleepy and tired, and in a room where there is a bed which will require a ladder, it appears to me, to climb into. At one o'clock, P.M., I left Florence in company with H—G—and C—; we travel by vettura. Little that we have passed to-day is worthy of notice.

August 25.—I slept, or rather tried to sleep, last night for about three hours; the musketoos were terrible. At three o'clock this morning we set off and came at sunrise in sight of Colle, a village on the summit of a hill in the midst of some very fine groves. On this part of the road the scenery is very agreeable, many pleasant woods, some trees, generally oaks, by the wayside, which would have made admirable studies. As we approached Volterra, the country changed from fertile to the most sterile I ever saw. The hills, rounded in form and destitute of verdure, promised little for the painter. Ascending a hill long and steep we came upon the town, on a side from which it presents no very imposing appearance. The walls and fortifications near the gate are in good style. After dinner we sallied forth in search of the picturesque. I cannot bring myself to the drudgery of writing a regular Journal: but I know from experience that the freshness of one's feelings, and even the memory of scenes and circumstances, will fade with the lapse of time. I must, therefore, make a memorandum at least of the interesting scenes of Volterra.

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More ancient than Rome itself, Volterra was a colony of Lydians. The tombs of several of its kings, and many of those elegant vases called Etruscan, have been from time to time discovered in its ruins, and attest the genius and refinement of its people. At one time it is said to have contained as many as four hundred thousand inhabitants. This I imagine must be a marvellous exaggeration, although its remains prove that it must have been, once, much more populous and extensive than at present. It numbers now only a few thousands. In ancient times it was a stronghold, and experienced the varied fortunes of war—victory and defeat. Its streets have been often deluged with blood, and the scenes of terrible carnage. Once it capitulated to one of the Medici upon honorable terms, and then was treacherously given up to indiscriminate massacre, when the monster had marched his army within the gates.

Volterra is encompassed by one wall, and the fragments of several more, of different ages and constructions. Its streets are narrow, and many of its buildings of massive peculiar architecture, having small windows and projecting blocks of stone at intervals along the walls. These edifices are the erections of an iron age, strong and rude like their builders, but remarkably striking and expressive, many of them, even in their dilapidation. The principal square of the city presents an aspect entirely new to me. Its buildings around it, with their fissure-like loopholes and windows, and craggy projections, look more like natural precipices than the dwellings of a city. Around this square are several towers; two huge ones in particular, surmounted each by four smaller ones, are the dominant peaks of the range. These are the remains of several pagan temples, which have been converted into Christian churches; the loose Venus and the chaste Diana have long since abandoned their altars to the more potent Madonna. I was induced, though, to pay a visit to Volterra, less for itself, than for its views and scenery. It is built on an eminence of very great height, and commands a vast prospect over mountains and plains to the distant Mediterranean. The geological structure of the country is remarkable—a mass of loam without a framework of rock. Even the stupendous pile upon which Volterra itself stands is of the same soft consistence, and washes away rapidly in the rain.

Nothing is more singular than the appearance which is presented below; all looks as if it had recently emerged from a deluge. It is scored with innumerable ravines, and exposes a light colored and shining surface of baked earth to the sun. In some directions are seen tracts of verdure, and in the distance spreading out its dark shade, the forest of Brignione, where the wild boar is hunted to this day. The mountain of Volterra is extremely fertile on one of its slopes, and embosoms some rich romantic valleys with fine woods, and here and there a cottage of striking form and color nestling in their shades. The western side of the mountain is a broad contrast to this: here all is bare and savage. The Balzi or cliffs afford a spectacle of desolate grandeur. Standing on the brink of a precipice, you throw your eye down a gulf fearfully deep, the sides

of which are almost perpendicular walls of earth. This gulf gradually widens from where you stand, and opens, with ridgy sides, into a vast and dreary plain, ribbed with countless ravines. Afar off, you catch a scanty stream that struggles with many windings and turnings through the thirsty desert, and finally loses itself in the dark and more kindly distance. In another direction, and on the very bound of vision, ranges of grand mountains mingle with the heavens. What a study for a picture of Elijah in the desert! I shuddered as I stood upon the edge of this abyss, and feared for a moment that the crumbling earth would slide from beneath me. I have often mused upon the brink of a rocky precipice, without a thought of its destructibility; but here the great mass, bearing marks of rapid and continual decay, awakened the instantaneous thought that it was perishable as a cloud. I sat under the ruin of an old Etruscan wall, and gazed long and silently on the great scene of desolate sublimity. The sun was high, and the herbless ravines gave back his rays with a fierce splendor. To me the scene was more awful and impressive than at any other hour. Profound stillness reigned through the whole dreary expanse. At the moment when my heart was drinking in the fearful silence most deeply, I was startled by the convent bell. High above the depths of the abyss, it swung in its venerable tower, and poured its solemn wail into the immeasurable air without an echo. Brief, thought I, are the limits of mortal life; man measures time by hours and minutes, but nature by the changes of the universe. Here, before me, is one of her hour-glasses, in which the sands have seen untold ages, and yet the mind cannot reckon their exhaustion.

We have now been several days at Volterra, and are delighted. The principal fortress, called the Maschio, is a fine specimen of castle architecture. Having permission from the commander to visit it, we were conducted through it by an old soldier, with a huge bunch of keys and a lantern. We first entered the central and loftiest tower by means of a drawbridge which spanned the encircling moat. Following our guide down a flight of worn and narrow steps, we were introduced into a small vaulted dungeon. It was destitute of light, with the exception of a few faint rays which came through a grated aperture, opening against a blank wall. In this narrow and gloomy prison the Count Felicini was confined by one of the Medici for twenty long and miserable years. In the wall there still remains a part of the bolt to which his chains were attached, and the solid stone floor bears deep impressions of his footsteps. It is scarcely possible to conceive that a man could survive long in such a dreadful abode—that he could bear to live. It shows the marvellous power of adaptation which the human mind possesses; hope makes him live when reason bids him die. At the end of those dreadful years, an order came for his liberation; his chains were stricken off, and the Count Felicini was conducted up once more into the open air: for a moment he looked aloft upon the sky, and then sank back and expired. Himself a cruel character, his fate was most cruel. From this fearful

dungeon we descended to another still lower and smaller. In this and several similar ones we were told that many had perished. They were the prisons of the Medici: there they used to incarcerate secretly those whom it was not policy to put publicly to death. "These walls," I whispered to myself, "have resounded to the moans of suffering and hunger, and the curses of despair." As I retreated through the gloomy passages, the sense of human cruelty bore with a crushing weight upon my heart, and I was glad when we recrossed the drawbridge and stood again beneath the pure blue sky. How falsely the lofty and powerful among men are estimated! how the world is imposed upon! THE MEDICI!—It is a great name—a noble, a magnificent name in the tomes of Roscoe: but why are we offered such a picture of lights without shadows? Why not at least a few touches of the tyranny and "damned deeds" of these great men?

I have labored hard since I have been in Volterra, sallying forth with my sketch-book every morning at five, and with the exception of an hour at dinner, continuing out until evening. I have had many delightful walks, and the more I see the more I am pleased. A vast horizon is perpetually before you, and the grandest effects of sun, clouds, and storms, are ever succeeding each other. Blue shadows are continually moving from mountain to mountain, from plain to precipice, ever and anon wrapping in their gloom distant villages and towers, which a few minutes before were glittering in the sun-light. Then thunderstorms sweep with their tumultuous clouds over the great expanse: as we see them advancing, a power almost supernatural seems to move the soul: it cannot direct their course, but the eye measures their extent, and marks the village that will soon be enveloped in their troubled darkness. I have witnessed some truly glorious sunsets, and lovely twilights: one in particular from the western declivity of the mountain, I watched with feelings of singular delight as it faded away. The tone of the landscape was most heavenly; all the great plain was in deep shadow, reposing in an atmosphere whose hues can never be expressed in language; the ordinary terms, "silvery" and "golden," give but a dim notion of it. It was such an atmosphere as one could imagine angelic beings would delight to breathe, and in which they would joy to move. Here and there dark hills softly emerging with their white turrets, glittered like stars on the breast of the lower gloom. One lone cloud still lingered in the amber sky. I am not surprised that the Italian masters have painted so admirably as they have: nature in celestial attire was their teacher.

I am now writing in a dirty locanda of Colle, a town about half-way from Volterra to Florence. From the beauty of its environs we were induced to spend a few days here: had we known at first, as we now know to our vexation, what myriads of fleas infest this prime locanda, I think we should have discarded the picturesque for the comfortable, and proceeded at once to Florence. Last night I slept, it appeared to me, five minutes: the fleas kept me well awake the early part of the night, and the braying of asses that lodged in the stable beneath us, the latter; to make no mention of the pleasing odors that stole up through sundry holes in the floor.

After a sojourn at Volterra of ten days, we left it with regret. Our ride to Colle was agreeable. At sunset we walked out and took a view of the town, the greater part of which is situated on a hill whose abrupt sides

are clothed with rich woods that bury in their charming shades the remainder. Through the valley in which we were loitering, a stream flowed handsomely along under high banks of rich colored earth and luxuriant herbage. While we were gazing, a balloon ascended from among the trees at the foot of the hill and floated away across the purple evening sky. To-morrow we set off for Florence.

PROLOGUE

TO LAMARTINE'S FORTHCOMING ROMANCE OF
"RAPHAEL."

By the courtesy of the MESSRS HARPER we have an opportunity of presenting to our readers in advance of the European publication the Prologue to a new work from the pen of one, the movements of whose mind have lately been a study to the whole world. Think what we may of his wisdom and his political stamina, Lamartine by his moderation, no less than his enthusiasm, has won himself an honorable position in the world's affections. The publication of a Romance written in his earlier days, will remind the world in its "melancholy grace," of that heart of humanity (wisely cultured or the reverse) which beats under the robe of office, unhardened by the admiration or neglect of the people; surviving for ever in its old relationships with mother, wife, and child; fastening its "hooks of steel," not on power or station, but the fast mouldering monuments of memory and the affections.

PROLOGUE.

The real name of the friend who wrote these pages was not Raphael. We often called him so in sport, because in his boyhood he much resembled a youthful portrait of Raphael, which may be seen in the Barberini gallery at Rome, at the Pitti palace in Florence, and at the Museum of the Louvre. We had given him the name, too, because the distinctive feature of this youth's character was his lively sense of the Beautiful in nature and art; a sense so keen, that his mind was, so to speak, merely the shadowing forth of the ideal or material Beauty scattered throughout the works of God and Man. This feeling was the result of his exquisite and almost morbid sensibility—morbid, at least, until time had somewhat blunted it. We would sometimes, in allusion to those who, from their ardent longings to revisit their country, are called homesick, say that he was heaven-sick, and he would smile, and say that we were right.

This love of the Beautiful made him unhappy; in another situation it might have rendered him illustrious. Had he held a pencil, he would have painted the Virgin of "Foligno;" as a sculptor, he would have chiselled the "Psyche" of Canova; had he known the language in which sounds are written, he would have noted the ethereal lament of the sea breeze sighing among the fibres of Italian pines, or the breathing of a sleeping girl who dreams of one she will not name; had he been a poet, he would have written the address of "Job" to "Jehovah," the stanzas of "Tasso's Erminia," the moonlight talk of "Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet," or Byron's portrait of "Haidee."

He loved the Good as well as the Beautiful, but he loved not virtue for its holiness, he loved it for its beauty. He would have been aspiring in imagination, although he was not ambitious by character. Had he lived in those ancient republics, where men attained their full development through liberty, as the free unfettered body develops itself in pure

air and open sunshine, he would have aspired to every summit like Cæsar, he would have spoken as Demosthenes, and would have died as Cato. But his inglorious and obscure destiny confined him, against his will, in speculative inaction—he had wings to spread, and no surrounding air to bear them up. He died young, straining his gaze into the future, and ardently surveying the space over which he was never to travel.

Every one knows the youthful portrait of Raphael to which I have alluded. It represents a youth of sixteen, whose face is somewhat paled by the rays of a Roman sun, but on whose cheek still blooms the soft down of childhood. A glancing ray of light seems to play on the velvet of the cheek. He leans his elbow on a table, the arm is bent upwards to support the head, which rests on the palm of the hand, and the admirably-modelled fingers are lightly imprinted on the cheek and chin; the delicate mouth is thoughtful and melancholy, the nose is slender at its rise, and slightly tinged with blue, as though the azure veins shone through the fair transparency of the skin; the eyes are of that dark heavenly hue which the Apennine wears at the approach of dawn; they gaze earnestly forward, but are slightly raised to heaven, as though they ever looked higher than nature; a liquid lustre illuminates their inmost depths, like rays dissolved in dew or tears. On the scarcely arched brow, beneath the delicate skin, we trace the muscle, those responsive chords of the instrument of thought; the temples seem to throb with reflection; the ear appears to listen; the dark hair, unskillfully cut by a sister, or some young companion of the studio, throws a dark tint upon the hand and cheek, and a small cap of black velvet, placed on the crown of the head, shades the brow. One cannot pass before this portrait without musing sadly, one knows not why. It represents the reverie of youthful genius pausing on the threshold of its destiny. What will be the fate of that soul standing at the portal of life?

Now, in idea, add six years to the age of that dreaming boy; suppose the features bolder, the complexion more bronzed; place a few furrows on the brow, slightly dim the look, sadden the lips, give height to the figure, and throw out the muscles in bolder relief; let the Italian costume of the days of Leo X. be exchanged for the sombre and plain uniform of a youth bred in the simplicity of rural life, who seeks no elegance in dress, and if the pensive and languid attitude be retained, you will have the striking likeness of our "Raphael" at the age of twenty.

He was of a poor, though ancient family, from the mountainous province of Forez, and his father, whose sole dignity was that of honor (worth all others), had, like the nobles of Spain, exchanged the sword for the plough. His mother, still young and handsome, seemed his sister, so much did they resemble each other. She had been bred amid the luxurious elegancies of a capital; and as the balmy essence of the rose perfumes the crystal vase of the seraglio in which it has once been contained, so she, too, had preserved that fragrant atmosphere of manners and language which never evaporates entirely.

In her secluded mountains, with the loved husband of her choice, and with her children, in whom she had complacently centred all the pride of her maternal heart, she had regretted nothing. She closed the fair book of youth at these three words—"God, husband, children." Raphael especially was her best beloved. She

would have purchased for him a kingly destiny, but, alas! she had only her heart with which to raise him up, for their slender fortune and their dreams of prosperity, would ever and anon crumble to their very foundation beneath the hand of fate.

Two holy men, driven by persecution to the mountains, had, soon after the Reign of Terror, taken refuge in her house. They had been persecuted as members of a mystical religious sect which dimly predicted a renovation of the age. They loved Raphael, who was then a mere child, and, obscurely prophesying his fate, pointed out his star in the heavens, and told his mother to watch over that son with all her heart. She reproached herself for being too credulous, for she was very pious, but still she believed them! In such matters, a mother is so easy of belief! Her credulity supported her under many trials, but spurred her to efforts beyond her means to educate Raphael, and ultimately deceived her.

I had known Raphael since he was twelve years old, and next to his mother he loved me best on earth. We had met since the conclusion of our studies first in Paris, then at Rome, whither he had been taken by one of his father's relatives, for the purpose of copying manuscripts in the Vatican Library. There he had acquired the impassioned language and the genius of Italy. He spoke Italian better than his mother tongue. At evening he would sit beneath the pines of the Villa Pamphili, and gazing on the setting sun and on the white fragments scattered on the plain, like the bleached bones of departed Rome, would pour forth extemporaneous stanzas that made us weep. But never wrote; "Raphael," would I sometimes say, "why do you not write?"

"Ah!" would he answer, "does the wind write what it sighs in this harmonious canopy of leaves? Does the sea write the wail of its shores?—Naught that has been written is truly, really Beautiful, and the heart of man never discloses its best and most divine portion. It is impossible! The instrument is of flesh, and the note is of fire! Between what is felt, and what is expressed," would he add, mournfully, "there is the same distance as between the soul and the twenty-six letters of an alphabet! Immensity of distance! Think you a flute of reeds can give an idea of the harmony of the spheres?"

I left him to return to Paris. He was at that time striving, through his mother's interest, to obtain some situation in which he might by active employment remove from his soul its heavy weight, and lighten the oppressive burden of his fate. Men of his own age sought him, and women looked graciously on him as he passed them by. But he never went into society, and of all women he loved his mother only.

We suddenly lost sight of him for three years; though we afterwards learned that he had been seen in Switzerland, Germany, and Savoy; and that in winter he passed many hours of his nights on a bridge, or on one of the quays of Paris. He had all the appearance of extreme destitution. It was only many years afterwards that we learnt more. We constantly thought of him, though absent, for he was one of those who could defy the forgetfulness of friends.

Chance reunited us once more after an interval of twelve years. It so happened that I had inherited a small estate in his province, and when I went there to dispose of it, I inquired after Raphael. I was told that he had lost father, mother, and wife in the space of a few years; that after these pangs of the heart he

had had to bear the blows of fortune, and that of all the domain of his fathers, nothing now remained to him but the old dismantled tower on the edge of the ravine, the garden, orchard, and meadow, and a few acres of unproductive land.

He knew me at a glance, made one step forward with extended arms, and fell back upon the bed. We first wept, and then talked together. He related the past; how, when he had thought to cull the flowers or fruits of life, his hopes had ever been marred by fortune or by death: the loss of his father, mother, wife, and child; his reverses of fortune, and the compulsory sale of his ancestral domain; he told how he retired to his ruined home, with no other companionship than that of his mother's old hertsman, who served him without pay, for the love he bore to his house; and lastly, spoke of the consuming languor which would sweep him away with the autumnal leaves, and lay him in the churchyard, beside those he had loved so well! His intense imaginative faculty might be seen strong even in death, and in idea he loved to endow with a fanciful sympathy the turf and flowers which would blossom on his grave.

"Do you know what grieves me most?" said he, pointing to the fringe of little birds which were perched round the top of his bed—"it is to think that, next spring, these poor little ones, my latest friends, will seek for me in vain in the tower. They will no longer find the broken pane through which to fly in; and on the floor, the little flocks of wool from my mattress with which to build their nests;—but the old nurse, to whom I bequeathe my little all, will take care of them as long as she lives," he resumed, as if to comfort himself with the idea—"and after her—Well! God will! for He feedeth the young ravens."

He seemed moved while speaking of these little creatures. It was easy to see that he had long been weaned from the sympathy of men, and that the whole tenderness of his soul, which had been repulsed by them, was now transferred to dumb animals. "Will you spend any time among our mountains?" he inquired. "Yes," I replied. "So much the better," he added; "you will close my eyes, and take care that my grave is dug as close as possible to those of my mother, wife, and child!"

He then begged me to draw towards him a large chest of carved wood, which was concealed beneath a bag of Indian corn at one end of the room. I placed the chest upon the bed, and from it he drew a quantity of papers which he tore silently to pieces, for half an hour, and then bid his old nurse sweep them into the fire. There were verses in many languages, and innumerable pages of fragments, separated by dates, like memoranda. "Why should you burn all these?" I timidly suggested; "has not man a moral as well as a material inheritance to bequeathe to those who come after him? You are perhaps destroying thoughts and feelings which might have quickened a soul."

"What matters it?" he said; "there are tears enough in this world, and we need not deposit a few more in the heart of man. These," said he, showing his verses, "are the cast off, useless feathers of my soul; it has moulted since then, and spread its bolder wings for eternity!" He then continued to burn and destroy, while I looked out of the broken window at the dreary landscape.

At length, he called me once more to the bedside. "Here," said he—"save this one little manuscript, which I have not courage to

burn. When I am gone, my poor nurse would make bags for her seeds with it, and I would not that the name which fills its pages should be profaned. Take it, and keep it till you hear that I am no more. After my death you may burn it, or preserve it till your old age, to think of me sometimes as you glance over it."

I hid the roll of paper beneath my cloak, and took my leave, resolving inwardly to return the next day to soothe the last moments of Raphael by my care and friendly discourse. As I descended the steps, I saw about twenty little children with their wooden shoes in their hands, who had come to take the lessons which he gave them, even on his death-bed. A little further on, I met the village priest, who had come to spend the evening with him. I bowed respectfully, and as he noted my swollen eyes, he returned my salute with an air of mournful sympathy.

The next day I returned to the tower—Raphael had died during the night, and the village bell was already tolling for his burial. Women and children were standing at their doors, looking mournfully in the direction of the tower, and in the little green field adjoining the church, two men, with spades and mattock, were digging a grave at the foot of a cross.

I drew near to the door—a cloud of twittering swallows were fluttering round the open windows, darting in and out, as though the spoiler had robbed their nests.

Since then I have read these pages, and now know why he loved to be surrounded by these birds, and what memories they waked in him, even to his dying day.

CHARITY PUBLISHING SOCIETIES.

An Appeal to the Christian Public, on the evil and impolicy of the Church engaging in Merchandise; and setting forth the wrong done to Booksellers, and the extravagance, inutility, and evil-working of Charity Publication Societies. Philadelphia: King & Baird, 9 George St. 1849.

THE author of this pamphlet, which is written with vigor, and has undoubtedly a cause of great importance in its subject matter, takes for his motto the aphorism—"Labor is the fruit of a spoiled Eden, forbidden still to the touch or taste of charity;" which he applies to the religious publishing houses of the day, as the American Tract Society, the American Sunday School Union, the Presbyterian and Baptist Boards, the Methodist Book Concern, &c., the operations of which, it is alleged, go far beyond any necessity involved, while they draw large funds from the public, in the name of charity, which are employed in a virtual monopoly, with the arrogance and unscrupulousness attendant upon powerful corporations, the practical effect of which is injurious to the book-trade, by withdrawing from it its natural support, appropriating all religious publications, and driving the small houses, at least, to less reputable and sometimes immoral enterprise. We believe this to be the scope of the present pamphlet. We confess, at the outset, that we are quite of the writer's way of thinking, in his main positions, though we cannot agree with him in all his inferences. The main question is, as the claims of these societies are presented to the public, Are these societies worthy objects of charity? We do not question the use and advantage at certain times, and for special purposes, of incorporated publishing societies, and that they should be aided by charity. The protection and encouragement thus afforded to the em-

ployment of capital, the extension of small individual means to large results, may be beneficially applied, especially in the infancy of the undertaking when the ordinary resources of trade are few and inefficient. There may have been a time, for instance, since the discovery of printing, when the publication of the Bible was a work of serious cost and difficulty, and required for its accomplishment the aid of charity. There is a period in the history of all arts, when special protection is desirable, to stimulate production; but the time comes when monopoly with its attendant privileges is an evil, not a benefit. The patent laws recognise this principle by their limitation of time. We see its application every day, though, as the resources of society are multiplied, more is safely left to individual enterprise. Free trade is, in fact, the law of an advanced state of civilization.

Now, charity, being a species of Royal aid, an encouragement beyond the usual reward of labor and industry, it is easily seen may become a substitute for the exertions of the latter, exertions indispensable to the individual and public welfare. The tendency is to abuse. We do not speak of charity for the relief of human suffering, of which there can be no question; but of those applications of charity in the endowment of institutions where the end to be accomplished may be safely left to private enterprise. A man, for instance, may take it into his head that rope-walkers as a body pursue a very monotonous and ill paid avocation, and to lighten the burdens of fate may endow an immense rope yard, furnished at intervals with relays of confectionery and champagne, and to elevate the ideas of the workmen above all mercenary considerations it may be a condition that the twine and cordage shall be given away to the public, which would doubtless be very agreeable to small tradesmen and needy ship owners. But what would be the result? A few fat rope-walkers indulging the luxury of a daily lounge through a luxurious establishment and outside of it, lazy grocers encouraged in idleness (to the extent of pack-thread gratis), improvident ship builders, wasteful sailors, and a large number of industrious and hitherto honest operatives in the rope walking line, driven from their trade, thrown upon the ale-house, the prison, or the hospital. And all this from misdirected, misunderstood charity!

Yet this is precisely the result of many charitable protectionist interferences with the laws of trade. If we may take the statements of the anonymous pamphlet before us, it is a result which our religious communities are bringing about to a considerable extent in their great publishing charitable societies.

A large quantity of Bibles and devotional books are wanted at the lowest possible fair prices, and even for gratuitous circulation. This is all right. Bibles should be bought cheap, and sometimes be given away. But how are they to be produced? Why, just as everything else is produced, by regular unfettered supplies of trade, by laws of production which are as certain and as beneficial as the great laws of nature; it being, under average conditions, as much a matter of course, that the supply shall meet the demand as that water shall find its level. If there is a demand for Bibles, they will be printed; if the demand is large, competition will ensue, and prices will settle down upon the lowest equivalent for labor. Nothing more than this should be asked. Book publishers are prepared for fair competition growing out of the

laws of production; but they are not prepared to compete with an organized society, where wealth (furnished by charity) is systematically and continually employed in defeating those laws and aggravating the pressure of competition beyond an endurable limit. The same principle applies to book publishing churches as to shirt making charitable monopolies, or State prison labor. It is well known that citizen mechanics of common sense will not endure the last. It is suspected by many people, and certainly known by others, that ladies' fairs, &c., only take the bread of industry from one class, which it makes paupers, to bestow it upon another, already made. Just in the same way, making Bibles by forced charitable combinations, and selling them below the cost of production, must throw all private enterprise in printing Bibles out of employ, and destroy the most honorable and salutary branch of individual book publishing. The author of this pamphlet carries this further, and states as a fact that publishers are even driven into disreputable courses, to seek employment for their capital in producing vicious publications.

"A bookseller, who had published a Bible and several other religious books, turned of late to publishing books of murders, of robbers, and criminal calendars generally; and when remonstrated with, he said, the charity societies had destroyed the value of his better books; he could not sell them, and he must do something to support his family, and protect his property invested. He could not change to any other business, nor could he live on the crumbs that fall from these charity tables. This is one of many instances of a similar character. These societies are destroying all the smaller publishers, and driving them into such expedients and shifts for a living. It is a natural result, and shows conclusively that charity has no right to undertake a business of the kind, and, in fact, any business but such as no labor can live by. It can only do so on the principle of doing evil that good may come. Without the aid of this Jesuitical principle, no charity publication society can be defended. They injure and ruin men in the same line of business, and they care not for it because of some good they have in view. This is but acting out the principle."

This is an inference in which we cannot agree, certainly not to the extent implied. Bad books will be published to meet the demand for them. A publisher whose trade in Bibles is cut off will not necessarily turn to the "crimson and yellow literature."

The case is carried still further by the production not only of Bibles, but of illustrated books, of miscellaneous literature, the opening of general sale rooms, &c., the expenses of which are met by charity—a charity which, extended far enough, would send every bookseller in the country to the poor-house.

The writer of the pamphlet tells us that he "knew one publisher who was waited on by a liberal and wealthy merchant, and told if he did not give him a certain quantity of a book he had published, at cost, that he might sell it and give the benefit to a poor church, he would publish the same book to effect that end." And again, of one of the religious publishing societies:

"They cannot find enough that is unpublished to do, but run so fast, that they have declared, as with a view to deter booksellers from publishing any book, that they will not mind it, but will publish any book they choose, no matter who has published it before them. In this they have violated a principle that the worst men in the book trade have generally regarded as sacred, i. e. not to

cheapen or ruin the value of property already in the hands of others."

The remedy for this is clearly an honest copyright law; but we shall have more to say on this point hereafter. At present we merely put the statement on record.

The positions of the pamphlet as laid down by the writer are,

"1st. That it is a perversion of Christian charity to publish books which private enterprise and capital would furnish quite as cheaply.

"2d. That the publications of these societies, when all expenses which are paid by charitable contributions are reckoned into the account, cost the religious public more than the same would in any other way of producing them, besides the incidental evil of driving or tempting a large amount of capital into injurious channels.

"3d. That the action of the societies is, therefore, inexpedient.

"4th. That charity, given for such an object, is not only wasted, but works a positive evil to the community, by violating every sound principle of political economy.

"5th. That every institution of the kind should be conducted on self-supporting principles, and thereby leave a fair field for competition to individual enterprise.

"6th. That the Church has no charity which she can rightfully employ in disregard of these principles.

"7th. That charity must be just and sensible, or it degenerates into a mischief-working weakness not to be reasoned with.

"8th. That when this institution, or any one acting in the name of charity, and for the public good, violates the plain principles of morality, as has been often done, by publishing the same books as other publishers, and thereby depreciating, and, in some cases, destroying the value of the property in their hands, it does in the name of the church, and with a religious sanction, what offends the moral sense of an irreligious world."

These are fair subjects for discussion, and should invite the attention of thinking men. They are supported by various startling statements which, if well founded, should lead the supporters and managers of the societies to pause and reflect. We know neither the name nor special opportunities for accuracy of the writer, but the basis of his remarks, the political economy involved, is so sound, and so much in danger of being neglected, that we have called special attention to his pamphlet. If the evil has occurred, let it be remedied; if it has not, let it be avoided.

A curious point of the pamphlet, is the position that the Religious Publishing Societies are doing nothing for the promotion of original and elaborate works (which might seem specially from their need of support to appeal to such institutions), but are stimulating the sale of mediocre and perishable productions. It is quite likely that the difficulties in the way of Messrs. Dwight and Edwards would be as great were there no societies; but that does not excuse the alleged publication of "trash." The writer's manner may be seen from the following passage on this head.

"What should we have been, if the last age had left us nothing but such issues as come from these societies? The dilutions would have sickened us, and kept us children to the last. We should have had but dribbles of knowledge, and we might as well have had a library of chips, and studied how they were struck out, whether with one or two blows. I consider the religious authorship of this time killed by charity, I mean such authorship as will do any good in coming time. The only bait held out is to write to please children or sects, and there are so many hirelings that have capacity for these things, that they swarm upon us in leaves;

and a pity it is that they could not be turned to enriching the earth as other leaves are. We could then see some use in this creation of charity. I do not mean to say that respectable books are not written for them; but that they publish a great deal of trash, and that they melt up almost as many sets of stereotype plates in a year as they make new ones; and thus they go on, wasting the charity of the Church in time, paper, printing, and stereotyping fresh works to share the same fate. Is there any farce like this farce? Would any of these societies have published the works of Presidents Edwards and Dwight? No. And yet their works have done more for mind and religion than all the books they ever have or will publish; and so of many other works that might be named; yet these societies are called about the only agents of good we have in these times; they do anything to raise funds, on the plea of utility; send their travelling agents over the land for this purpose, who get plenty of money, because it is imagined they are doing a good work, when it is only a work of superfluity they do, and this at the expense of men who would do it quite as cheaply, yea, more cheaply, without one cent's charge to the public. When will men see things as they are? Shame on the inconsideration of those who, if they be honest, must be deluded in preying thus on the pious charity of the public! I have no doubt of the well-meaning of the persons concerned in these efforts, but I have as little doubt of their utter inutility."

SIR LAUNFAL.

The Vision of Sir Launfal. By James Russell Lowell. Cambridge: George Nichols.

THIS, Mr. Lowell's latest poetical effusion, is one of the most delicate and attractive which have proceeded from his pen. Like most of his compositions it is built up on good established precedents both in respect to subject matter and execution, though with variations which we do not find in the originals. It is an old medieval legend leaning on the Roman Catholic Church, wrested to suit the philanthropic sentiment of the day. In the old story there is more of imagination, with quite as sound a moral, notwithstanding the latter is concealed at first sight from view. The legend of the Holy Grail, upon which the vision is partly based, though the dependence upon it is so slight we could have wished it dispensed with altogether, is one of the religious traditions engrafted on the romantic stock of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. The San Greal was the cup out of which the Saviour partook of the Last Supper with his disciples. To follow Mr. Lowell's prefatory note: "It was brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and remained there an object of pilgrimage and adoration, for many years in the keeping of his lineal descendants. It was incumbent upon those who had charge of it to be chaste in thought, word, and deed; but one of the keepers having broken this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. From this time it was a favorite enterprise of the Knights of King Arthur's Court to go in search of it." In the legend the moral lies incidentally in the preparations and conditions of the successful search. Chastity is the law which is not to be broken. For the rest, the object is simply reverential, and even the sacredness of the object is secondary, so that we have a literal story of adventure which a child might listen to, and which neither child nor man can listen to without feeling its sacred lesson. Now mark the difference between the old school and the new in this matter of a moral. In the old the belief is identified with the symbol, and the whole is placed objectively before us. The Christian warrior fasts, prays, and goes forth armed to

battle, he transacts various honest combats, and achieves in the end a material thing. The imagination is exercised, while the motive is never unfelt. The fable needs no moral or application. How does Mr. Lowell treat the matter? He improves the moral and spoils the story. Indeed, instead of an actual story we have a vision. The Knight, Sir Launfal, does not go in quest of the Grail, but dreams about it. He determines, indeed, over night to go, but falls asleep, has a vision, and concludes to stay at home in the morning. We see a proud old castle in the midst of a summer landscape, and note its dreary, wintry look, in its aristocratic seclusion, compared with the smiling prodigality of nature without. A knight issues forth, who becomes disgusted as he meets a leper at the gate. He throws a piece of gold in scorn, and passes on to long, dreary, unprofitable quest and travel. When he returns from his ineffectual search after the Holy Grail it is winter, and he is repulsed from his own castle by the heir who has taken possession. Broken spirited and humble, he is prepared for this wintry adversity, and sits down at his gate to look upon the far-off scenes of his holy pilgrimage (a vision within a vision), when he is interrupted by the beggar again asking alms. In the name of the Crucified he ministers to him. The leper by a miracle becomes his Lord, the mouldy crust he has given, the bread, and the water, the wine of Life.

"And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
'Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee.
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need,
Not that which we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who bestows himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

Sir Launfal awoke, as from a swoon;
'The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my armor up on the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet hall;
He must be fenced with stronger mail,
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

The spirit of the old legend was belief in the Church, in reverence for one of its holy objects, and chastity, the flower of the soul, in the individual. There we have Christianity in the inner life and outward manifestation. The ends of Mr. Lowell's vision may be equally good—but how different! He might with more propriety have left King Arthur's legend to itself, or employed himself as Tennyson does in *Sir Galahad*, in a reverential evolution of it, or he might have kept to the story in a new poem, as Leigh Hunt has done, with one of the *fabliaux*, in his "Palfrey." This is the difficulty with Mr. Lowell's vision, which renders it weak as a narrative in comparison with the old legend.

As an apologue it is finely conceived, as all lovers of poetry will admit. It is, indeed, a little Leigh Huntish, calling to memory once or twice certain stanzas of "Captain Sword and Captain Pen;" but readers of modern verse must accustom their ears to an occasional echo. Mr. Lowell in sensibility and ease at times fairly equals Hunt. The pictures of Summer and Winter are exquisite in the Preludes of the two portions of *Sir Launfal*.

A SUMMER PICTURE.

"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;

Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, grasping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
As if like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best!"

Its companion

WINTER PIECE.

"Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hill-top bleak
It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slip
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfelt a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
Which crystallized the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one;
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter palace of ice;
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each flitting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost."

The following picture, though somewhat confused by the change of simile, is very fanciful and striking.

THE CHRISTMAS FIRE.

"Within the hall are song and laughter,
The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
With the lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide;
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap
And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot forest's tangled darks
Like herds of startled deer."

TRACTS FOR CITIES.

The Young Men of Cities, urged to the work of Mental Improvement. J. S. Redfield.

THIS is one of a series of Tracts projected by a few eminent scholars of this country, whose learning is not of too exclusive and delicate a character to issue forth occasionally from the vellum aired precincts of the library, to mingle with the miscellaneous crowd of a large city, and share its philosophy with the young, the inexperienced, and even the ignorant. Very few of our readers, probably, are acquainted with the scheme now in progress of accomplishment, under the publishing care of Mr. Redfield, the leading idea of which is to furnish to the people mature well written essays and treatises on the many points of spiritual, intellectual, and physical welfare; a plan essentially popular in its design, but with none of the usual accompaniments of popular appeals, in flowing rhetoric, cheap anecdote, super-rhetorical or meretricious verbiage.

Men of refined culture, as the authors of this movement, never speak either to individuals or the public in that way. Half-educated, undisciplined men do, and, though with a certain portion of apparent success, yet with little lasting benefit. The work has to be done over again by the whole men. No one but a full developed man can teach in any just sense of the word. "Your charlatan with favorable stimulants, the aid of brass and newspapers, may noisily get the public ear for awhile; but how short lived is the race of charlatans! Even the pill vender of this decade is not the pill vender of the last—and how many lecturers, preachers, and others of the great army of the self-elected are there, who, to borrow Dean Swift's illustration of the evil, set themselves up, to be set down again,—and the more quickly and quietly the better.

The Tracts to which we allude are on such topics as "The Inheritance of American Citizens," "The Relations of Popular Liberty to Constitutional Government," "Morals of Politics," "Usury," "Perjury," &c., occupied with the discussion of principles. Of a more immediately utilitarian grade, "Medical Police," "Police of the Press," "Advice to Emigrants," "Provision for the Poor," "Economy of Prisons," "Use and Abuse of Air," &c. Several of these have appeared, as the tracts on Ventilation, and the Social Position and Influence of Cities. They are separated into two series, alike in style of publication—"Tracts for the People" and "Tracts for Cities," and are sold at 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ or 12 $\frac{1}{4}$ cts. the number. These publications appear anonymously, but it is understood that Dr. Griscom, Dr. Dewey, Dr. Wayland, Dr. Alexander, Dr. Williams, with others, are the writers.

In an early number of the Literary World (12), we had the opportunity of saying something of the high and desirable qualifications of one of these gentlemen, in the rare office of popular instructor—in a notice of "The American Mechanic and Working Man," by Dr. James W. Alexander. It gives us pleasure to welcome his pen again in the tract before us. The same genial kind feeling, the learning without pedantry, the deeply seated principle without sanctimony, a calm judiciousness allied to strong youthful sympathies which we then noticed, appear again as the writer takes up his pen to exhibit the ever beautiful lesson of the ways of learning, the intimacy of sound knowledge with virtue, its cheap pleasures, its ready acquisition, its sure rewards. The lesson is enforced in many forms, but it speaks of the freshness of the scholar in all. There is nothing like books to keep a man young. Hence the simplicity and curiosity of scholars, uniting their attainments and wisdom with the grace and fulness of life of children. People soon run the usual round of experience, but books prolong the wonder, by adding to our threescore the whole of the past, the physical secrets of Earth and Heaven, with not a little of futurity!

Though the design of Dr. Alexander, in this instance, is "benevolent, not literary," our readers will be pleased with the concluding passages of his Tract.

"Lay aside a little money to buy books.—There are certain books, which every man should possess as his own; and every reading man desires by degrees to gather a little library for his wife and children. You would not like to go abroad to procure the Holy Scriptures, with some good explanations. You would wish to have at your elbow, your own Milton, Cowper, Thomson, Montgomery, and Bryant; your dictionaries, atlas, and other books of reference; your little

row of histories, biographies, and treatises on science and art. A trifling sum, set aside each month, and redeemed from amusements or luxuries, will soon give an account of itself on your shelves.

"Employ your pen. This counsel, though less frequently given than others, is nevertheless far from being superfluous. There is a marvellous power in writing down what we know. It fixes the thoughts; reveals our ignorance; aids our memory; and insures command of language. 'Men acquire more knowledge,' says Bishop Jewel, 'by a frequent exercising of their pens, than by the reading of many books.' How often do we see persons, advanced to great wealth, and even in the legislature or in Congress, who, from neglect of composition, in their younger days, are absolutely unable to pen a decent letter. The practice of writing a few sentences every day, would prevent such a source of mortification.

"Resolve to be a learner as long as you live.—All great and wise men have been such. Ignorant and narrow-minded youth think their days of learning are left behind them, when they cross the threshold of the school-house. But so much is the acquisition of knowledge connected with the delights of a genuine lover of truth, that he no more thinks of a day when he shall cease to learn, than of a day when he shall cease to breathe, and eat, and drink. If you put into practice the foregoing rules, you will scarcely need much urging of this one. Every day will bring its lessons, and like Solon, of old, you will wish to die learning.

"With these advices, which have sprung from sincere good will, I must here leave the subject with the reader. One thing is certain; he that shall act on what has here been said, by entering on a course of mental improvement, will find an increase to his means of gratification so great, that he will wonder at himself for having neglected it so long. With the ordinary blessings of Providence, nothing is wanting but the will, to secure the result. All men of high attainments agree in saying that the more valuable part of every one's education is that which he gives himself. In this there is high encouragement to go on and prosper. The mental accomplishment which is fully within your reach will double your capacity for action. When Aristippus was asked, wherein a learned and an unlearned man differed, he replied, 'Fasten them both, naked, on a foreign shore, and you will see.' Education will do for you, what sculpture does for the marble. Hence the famous saying of Socrates, 'I marvel that people should be willing to give so much for turning a stone into a man, and so little to prevent a man's turning into a stone.' The best qualities of your nature remain latent, where there has been no cultivation. Lay down this little Essay, therefore, with a solemn purpose to become a disciple in the pleasant school of Wisdom."

Treasury of Knowledge, in three parts. I. Elementary Lessons in Common Things. II. Practical Lessons on Common Objects. III. Introduction to the Sciences. By W. & R. Chambers. Second American Edition. A. S. Barnes & Co. 1849.

A LITTLE American work of this character, "Conversations on Common Things," has had a large circulation. This work, characterized by the usual excellent style of the Messrs. Chambers, is much fuller and of equal interest in awakening the attention of the young, particularly in the hands of parents or a governess. A work of this kind is needed in every family to meet the first demands of a liberal curiosity on the part of children. The authors have drawn their material from established scientific works, which they have judiciously simplified.

Phadon; or, A Dialogue on the Immortality of the Soul. By Plato. Translated from the original Greek, by Madame Dacier, with Notes and Emendations, &c. William Gowans. 1849.

THIS Edition of a translation of Plato's Dialogue, through the French, has, in addition, a collec-

tion of passages on the Immortality of the Soul from the writings of various divines and philosophers. We see appended to the whole a curious catalogue of books on the same subject, for sale at the large warehouse of old books, of the publisher of the volume, William Gowans, at 178 Fulton st.

The Improvement of the Mind. By Isaac Watts, D.D. A. S. Barnes & Co. 1849.

WE lately had occasion to speak of Dr. Watts in connexion with the republication of his "Songs for Children." He still holds his ground in other works. The present edition of the work on the culture of the Mind is in a neat, elegant form, and may be carried in the pocket. Though no admirers of a multiplication of books (the fault of the age) to teach people to do what only nature, with reasonable data, can at all set them in the way of doing, yet we suppose no one can take up this book of Watts's without pleasure and consequently "Improvement." Watts's mind was eminently practical—he looked through all pedantry and learned conventionalisms to the common convenient use of the thing; and it must be allowed that in very many of his suggestions, even some which have not as yet been generally acted upon, he hit the mark. There is much blended quiet humor and sagacity, as in his definition of disputes,—"when two or more persons appear to maintain different sentiments." The cool, deliberate manner in which he opens the chapter on the "Judgment of Books" is exquisite, and might furnish hints (if they were necessary) to a modern reviewer.

A Discourse on the Influence of Diseases on the Intellectual and Moral Powers. By Joseph Mather Smith, D.D.

THIS was the subject chosen by Dr. Smith for an address on the opening of the forty-second session (in October last) of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in this city, of which he is a Professor. It is drawn up with the Professor's well known modesty and accuracy, is occupied with the leading traits of the subject, which are pursued through various diseases with occasional anecdote, while the Doctor does not hesitate to admit the converse of his proposition, viz. that the imagination may act on the diseases as well as disease on the imagination. He makes allowance in this way for cures by metallic tractors (wooden ones in disguise, it seems, did as well) amulets, charms, &c., and finds a satisfactory solution of the benefits of Homeopathy in the same principle. No publisher's name is affixed to this pamphlet, but we suppose it may be had through the bookseller, Kernot, 659 Broadway.

"Guildford: or tried by his Peers." A novel. By I. A. Fraetas, author of "The Buckskin," "Ethan Allen," "Muster of Langford," etc., etc. New York: William H. Graham, publisher.

A NEW American novel, by one who is a faithful servant of the public, and better known as a printer of books than as an author of them. We give him welcome in his new avocation (now first appearing by public announcement) and appreciate the patriotism indicating choice of national scene and character as the groundwork of his story. Most of the latter is of local interest. Some of the descriptions are quite graphic, and at times its portraiture of character striking. Here and there the dialogue is too "Kirby-ish" to our taste, and the occurrences not very agreeable in contemplation. It will bear favorable comparison with the novels of its class.

Holden's Dollar Magazine, published monthly. 109 Nassau st.

THIS is an entertaining, though somewhat unequal publication; with an air of tact and enterprise about it, calculated, we should think, to make serious inroads among the old fashioned and higher priced monthlies. The illustrations are of wood, and some of them quite indifferent; but many are taken from contemporary subjects, are portraits of living notabilities, &c.,

and so far, have a great advantage over the unmeaning fashion plates and half executed "engravings" which the public has been in the habit of buying. It is really time for the purveyors of Magazines to exhibit a conscience, pay authors for writing on topics of the times, and give their readers something which has a slight portion of human interest. Holden's Magazine has, besides the longer papers, a well written and always agreeable Miscellany at the close, evidently from a practical hand, which would not be out of place in the best periodical published. One word of advice to the cheap periodical publishers. Do not rate the public taste too low.

Of several pamphlets laid on our table, we have to mention No. 1 of a new Religious periodical of 30 Svo. pages—the *New York Chronicle*, edited by Rev. B. Judd. It has a portrait of Rev. Geo. Benedict, and we are pleased to see among its little parcels of items, a page bearing the title of the Arts. Also, *A Thanksgiving Sermon*, preached in Newburyport, Nov. 30, 1848, by T. W. Higginson. It is occupied with the Free Soil Question. *A Speech about Colleges*, delivered in Nashville on Commencement Day, Oct. 4, 1848, by Philip Lindsay—remarkable for its candid exposure of the prevalent sciolism, and the admission that the graduates of many of our Colleges may know nothing worth mentioning of the accomplishments alluded to in their Diplomas. *The Duties and Responsibilities of the Rising Generation*, an address before the Columbia College Societies, at their anniversary, July 24, 1848, by the late President of the College, W. A. Duer, LL.D., in which allusion is made to the Political Questions of the Day, and the charge of Sectarianism applied to the Institution. The latter is shown to be without reasonable foundation. The address closes with an enumeration of some of the names of "good fame" which belong to the history of the College. The numerous friends of Alma Mater will be pleased with this revival of the connexion of Dr. Duer with the Institution over which he once so honorably presided. *Franklin—his Genius, Life, and Character*, the Address delivered before the Typographical Society, at its recent anniversary, by John L. Jewett, has been published by Messrs. Harper. It is one of the not least interesting memorials of the Festival of which we gave some account in our last.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE'S AMERICAN PROPHECIES.

To the Editors of the *Literary World* :

GENTLEMEN:—I observe in a late number of your Journal, an article—"A Curious Prophecy of the Destiny of America," in which you quote Bishop Berkeley's celebrated lines. Are you aware of a parallel prophecy among the fragments of that "quiet and sublime enthusiast, with a strong tinge of the fantast," Sir Thomas Browne, in which, among a quiver full of arrows thrown out upon futurity, those driven in the direction of America appear best to hit the mark.—A friend, it seems, sent Sir Thomas a hard nut of the kind to crack, which set him upon a conjecture or two of his own. He returned the following, in his own language, "not positively or peremptorily telling what shall come to pass, yet pointing at things not without all reason or probability of their events: not built upon fatal decrees or inevitable designations, but upon conjectural foundations, whereby things wished may be promoted, and such as are feared may more probably be presented."

THE PROPHECY.

"When New England shall trouble New Spain;
When Jamaica shall be lady of the isles and the main;
When Spain shall be in America hid,
And Mexico shall prove a Madrid;
When Mahomet's ships on the Baltic shall ride,
And Turks shall labor to have ports on that side;
When Africa shall no more sell out their blacks,

To make slaves and drudges to the American
tracts;
When Batavia the Old shall be contemn'd by the
New;
When a new drove of Tartars shall China
subdue;
When America shall cease to send out its trea-
sure,
But employ it at home in American pleasure;
When the new world shall the old invade,
Nor count them their lords but their fellows in
trade;
When men shall almost pass to Venice by land,
Not in deep water but from sand to sand;
When Nova Zembla shall be no stay
Unto those who pass to or from Cathay:—
Then think strange things are come to light,
Whereof but few have had a foresight."

And, now for the writer's

EXPOSITION OF THE PROPHECY.

"When New England shall trouble New Spain;
"That is, when that thriving colony, which hath so much increased in our days, and in the space of about fifty years, that they can, as they report, raise between twenty and thirty thousand men upon an exigency, shall in process of time be so advanced, as to be able to send forth ships and fleets, and to infest the American Spanish ports and maritime dominions by depredations or assaults; for which attempts they are not like to be unprovided, as abounding in the materials for shipping, oak and fir. And when length of time shall so far increase that industrious people, that the neighboring country will not contain them, they will range still farther and be able, in time, to set forth great armies, seek for new possessions, or make considerable and conjoined migrations, according to the custom of swarming northern nations; wherein it is not likely that they will move northward, but toward the southern and richer countries, which are either in the dominions or frontiers of the Spaniards: and may not improbably erect new dominions in places not yet thought of, and yet, for some centuries, beyond their power or ambition."

We pass over the unfulfilled extension of Jamaica, the American absorption of Old Spain, the Turk on the Baltic, the as yet deferred extinction of the African Slave Trade (which Browne thinks will come to pass when Africa is civilized, or converted to Christianity or Mahometanism, wisely looking to the seeds within rather than, like our modern statesmen, to the pressure from without), the independence of the Dutch East India Colonies, the new Tartar movement on China, and stop at another American couplet, the substance of which has been recently uttered in Mr. Polk's message, where he speaks of New York as the great Financial centre, with the additional California probabilities:—

"When America shall cease to send forth its treasure,
But employ it at home in American pleasure;
"That is, when America shall be better civilized, new policies and divided between great princes, it may come to pass that they will no longer suffer their treasure of gold and silver to be sent out to maintain the luxury of Europe and other parts: but rather employ it to their own advantages, in great exploits and undertakings, magnificent structures, wars, or expeditions of their own."

The concluding allusion to America, of this Modern Oracle, is too obvious in its fulfilment to need additional comment. The Prophecy was originally published in 1684:—

"When the new world shall the old invade;
"That is, when America shall be so well peopled, civilized, and divided into kingdoms, they are like to have so little regard of their originals, as to acknowledge no subjection unto them: they may also have a distinct commerce between themselves, or but independently with those of Europe, and

may hostilely and piratically assault them, even as the Greek and Roman colonies after a long time dealt with their original countries."

Here we have several distinct prophecies which have either been literally fulfilled, or are now in process of accomplishment—as the Independence of the Colonies, their wars with the mother country, their growth and importance, their Conquests of the Southwest, their resources of gold and silver. Sir Thomas Browne's "prophecy" is to be taken not so much as a shrewd guess of the future as a complimentary view of the strength of our colonial ancestors, in whose character he doubtless saw the germs of an Independent and powerful State. In this point of view should not his reputation, like that of Berkeley, be honorably linked with our American history?

CABALA.

MACAULAY'S CACOGRAPHY.

To the Editors of the *Literary World* :—

GENTLEMEN,—Like every one who could beg, borrow, or steal the book, I have been reading Macaulay's England. Like every one with a true Anglo-Saxon head and heart, I have been charmed and animated by it. Like every one with an educated eye and a decent knowledge of English, I have been disgusted with the vile liberties which the American publishers have taken with his orthography. The Brothers Harper must be the most rigid kind of total-abstinence men, for their aversion for liquids extends to their spelling. They knock out *l's* habitually, and occasionally throw overboard an *n*. For the first proceeding they have an apology for a reason (though a very poor one), and there is something like consistency in their conduct; but why any one should write *cotemporary* any more than *cotinent* or *coterminous*, or *co*-anything-else which is *con*, passeth the wisdom of man to determine. So offensive are these barbarous innovations, that several readers (to my certain knowledge) have resolved not to buy the second volume of the American edition, preferring to undergo the trouble, expense, and delay of procuring English copies. I only hope there may be enough of them to give the Messrs. H. a lesson they well deserve,—for, in the first place, such perversion of Macaulay's orthography is most unjust to him. It is not the first time that these very gentlemen have seriously misused an English author. But lately they reprinted *Vanity Fair*, with vile copies of the excellent original illustrations, thereby destroying Thackeray's reputation as an artist with the American public generally. Even periodicals of the standing and pretension of the *North American Review* at Boston, and the *Democratic* here, were deceived by it. To be sure it was very inconsiderate in our reviewers to judge of originals from copies, but that does not diminish the fault of the publishers, and now we shall probably have the Caco-graphy of the Harpers saddled upon Macaulay. He may be blamed, or (still worse) be praised, for having adopted the Websterian mode of (mis) spelling words. The mistake is quite as likely to be made as that which *was* made in the case of *Vanity Fair*, nay, much more likely; for any one might have known that the illustrations in an American reprint were not the English originals, whereas it by no means naturally follows that an American publisher must, as a matter of course, alter his author's words. So arbitrary a license would *not*, I think, be taken for granted by most readers. But if this treatment of particular authors is unfair to them, the defence of it which has been lately put forward is most insulting to all authors, American as well as English. A correspondent of one of our daily papers calls attention to the innovation, and the Editors subjoin their opinion that the publishers have in this step exceeded their province. Forthwith comes to the rescue a friend of the publishers, and asserts that they have only done what it was their duty to do. According to him, these worthy cobblers have not gone a stitch above the sandal; *they*, and not the author, are responsible

for the spelling of a book! otherwise, says he most naively, if every author's orthography were followed, what confusion and uncertainty there would be! "Per tibicinem qui coram Mosem modulatus est, id flagellat mundum," says Father Tom. *Isn't it a little too much?* Authors don't know how to spell, so Messrs H. have to spell for them. Printers, and not writers, are to decide the usage of language. A firm of publishers and republishers is to settle the standard of the English—no, not the English, nor the American, but the *Harpero-Saxon* tongues.

There are, doubtless, many worthy people who, without pretending to endorse this monstrous doctrine, themselves prefer and adopt Noah Webster's *improvements* in spelling; to such I would say,—Do you really think that a system only partially received even here, is to change the whole usage of a language of which we are not the original proprietors? If the English were out of the way,—swallowed up and annihilated entirely,—the thing might be possible; but depend upon it, so long as they continue to exist, foreigners will look to them, not to us, for the standard of their own language; and they would be great fools if they did not.

EREUNETER.

Poetry.

INCENSE.

From the French of M. Léon Halévy.

BY ISAAC F. SHEPARD.

The Sabbath hymns were loudly pealing,
From fretted dome and architrave,
While sacred notes came richly stealing,
That, hundred-toned, the organ gave;
A kneeling host were worshipping
The Lord of Hosts,—great Nature's king.

Rich incense, from the spicy East,
Exhaled its breath, in cloud-wreaths floating
From out the censer that the priest
Waved o'er the crowd, their prayers devoting;
And as the vapor passed away,
So passed the hosts that came to pray.

Then, as it left its mother's hand,
Up the lone aisle a sweet child wandered,
And by the good priest took his stand,
As thus his lips spoke what he pondered;
"Permit me, father, to come near,
And catch these wreaths ascending here!"

"The holy incense thou dost throw,
When all the people low are kneeling,
Smells sweet as fresh-blown flowers, that grow
Where babbling brooks their songs are pealing;
And I will keep these pretty rings
That float like birds with hidden wings."

The old man heard the child's request,
At all its simple beauty smiling,
And answered as it seemed him best,
With look and tone the boy beguiling;
"My darling boy, it cannot be,
'Tis only vapor that you see."

"The sacred myrrh by fire consumes;
And from the censer's lid upflying,
These clouds float up, with sweet perfumes,
That soon as born are even dying!
When the loud song hath ceased its sound,
Only the odor floats around!"

Thus Poets are like clouds, that roll,
In curling wreaths, with perfume freighted;
Each song is incense from a soul
Whose altar-fires in heaven are lighted—
From censers cold, aromas rise,
But no true Poet ever dies!

Brooklyn, January, 1849.

As the sword of the best-tempered metal is most flexible; so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behavior.—*Dr. Thomas Fuller.*

His greatness must needs fall which is not founded in goodness.—*Ibid.*

[From the American Review.] THE VENGEANCE OF EROS. IMITATED FROM THEOCRITUS. BY CARL BENSON.

A WOER very passionate once loved a cruel May—
Her form was fair beyond compare, but bitter was
her way,
She hated him that loved her, and was unkind for
aye,
Nor knew she Love, how great the god, how
perilous his bow,
How bitter are the shafts he sends on her that is
his foe.
Whene'er they met, whene'er he spoke, immovable
was she,
And gave him not a gleam of hope to soothe his
misery.
No smile her proud cheek had for him, no pleasant
glance her eye;
Her tongue would find no word for him, her hand
his hand deny.
But as a forest-dwelling beast far from the hunter
flies,
So did she ever treat the wretch: dire scorn was
in her eyes,
Her lips were firmly set at him, her face transform-
ed with ire,
And anger paled her haughty brow that used to
glow like fire.
Yet even so to look on, she was fairer than be-
fore,
And by her very haughtiness inflamed her lover
more;
Until so great a blaze of love he could no longer
bear,
But went before her cruel door and wept his sor-
rows there,
And kissed the stubborn threshold, and cried in his
despair,
"O savage girl and hateful! of no human birth
art thou!
Stone-hearted girl, unworthy love! I come before
thee now
To offer thee my latest gift—my death—for ne'er
again
Would I incense thee, maiden, more, nor give thee
any pain.
But whither thou hast sentenced me, I go, for there,
they say,
For lovers is forgetfulness, a cure, a common
way;
Yet not e'en that, the cure of all, my longing can
abate,
I bid these doors of thine farewell, but well I know
thy fate.
The rose like thee is beautiful—in time, it fades
away;
And beautiful Spring's violet which withers in a
day:
The lily is exceeding fair; it falls and wastes
anon:
The snow is white; it hardens first, and then is
quickly gone;
And lovely is the bloom of youth, but short-lived
is its prime.
And thou shalt love as I have loved—'twill surely
come—that time.
When thou shalt look within thyself, and weep in
bitter woe,
But grant me, love, this last request—one kindness
now bestow;
When thou hast found me hanging dead before
thy portal here,
O pass not by my wretched corse, but stand and
drop a tear,
And loose the cord, and wrap me up in garments
of thine own,
And give one kiss, the first and last that e'er I
shall have known.
And do not fear to kiss the dead—the dead lips
will not move:
I cannot change to life again, though thou shouldst
change to love.
And hollow out a tomb for me, my hopeless love
to hide;
Nor go away till thou three times 'Farewell, my
friend,' hast cried.

And if thou wilt, say also this, 'My friend was
good and brave.'
And what I write upon thy wall write thou upon
my grave:
'Love slew the man that lieth here, wayfarer pass
not by,
But stop and say, A cruel May hath caused him
here to lie.'

The heartless fair came forth at morn, and there
her lover hung.
She nothing said, nor wept a tear that he had died
so young.
Her careless garments brushed the corse that hung
before her path;
The wonted fountain tempted her, she sought the
pleasant bath:
And braved the god whom she had spurned; for
at that very place,
A marble Cupid crowned the wave high o'er a
marble base.
The conscious statue toppled prone; the stream
with blood was dyed;
The cruel girl's departing voice came floating on
the tide.
Rejoice and triumph, ye that love! The god his
wronger slew,
And love, all ye that are beloved! the god will
have his due.

THE "JARGON," OR TRADE LANGUAGE OF OREGON.

MR. GALLATIN, in his philological papers con-
tained in the forthcoming (second) volume of
the Transactions of the Ethnological Society,
takes notice of a very singular phenomenon
in philology, the trade-language; or, as it is
called, the *Jargon*, in use on the North-west
coast and in Oregon. It owes its origin to
circumstances which are thus detailed by
Mr. Gallatin:

"When, sixty years ago, the British and
American trading ships first appeared on the
North-west coast, they then found many tribes
speaking different languages. Unfortunately,
all of these were alike harsh in pronunciation,
complex in structure, and spoken over a limited
space. The foreigners, therefore, took no
pains to become acquainted with any of them.
But as the harbor of Nootka was at that time
the principal centre of trade, some of the
words of the dialect there spoken became
known to the traders, and the Indians were
made familiar with a few English words.
These with the assistance of signs were suf-
ficient for the slight intercourse which was
then maintained.

"At a later period, when the whites estab-
lished themselves in Oregon, it was found that
this scanty list of words was not sufficient for
the increased intercourse. A real language,
complete in all its parts, however limited in
extent, was required; and it was formed by
drawing upon the *Tshinuk* for such words as
were necessary to add to the skeleton which
was already possessed—the connecting liga-
ments, as it were, of a speech. These con-
sisted of the numerals (the ten digits and the
word for *hundred*), twelve pronouns (*I, thou, he, we, ye, they, this, other, all, both, who, what*),
and about twenty adverbs and prepositions.
Having appropriated these and a few other
words of the same language, the 'Jargon'
assumed a regular shape, and became of great
service as a medium of communication; for
it is remarkable that for many years no
foreigner learned the proper *Tshinuk* suf-
ficiently well to be of use as an interpreter.

"The new language received some additions
from the Canadian voyageurs, and from the
English. Eight or ten words were made by
what grammarians term *onomatopœia*, that is,
were intended to imitate sound, and were

therefore the sole and original property of the Jargon. The word *tum*, pronounced with great force, dwelling upon the concluding *m*, is the nearest approach which the natives can make to the noise of a cataract; but they usually join with it the English *water*, making *tum-wata* the name which they give to a waterfall."

These imitation words are
hau! hau! hurra! hasten! quick!
hē-hē, to laugh.
klak, untied, let loose.
lipip, to boil.
marsh, fallen, crushed, broken.
po, to shoot, noise of a gun.
tiktik, a watch.
tingting, a bell.
tum, a heavy noise.
tum-wata, a cataract.
tumtum, the heart.
pilton, foolish.

Foolish is explained by *Pilton*, which was the name of a Canadian who became deranged at Port Vancouver, and as he was the first person whom the Indians had ever seen in that state, thenceforward whoever conducted himself in an absurd or irrational manner was said to act *kakaa Pilton*, "like Pilton."

The words combined in this singularly constructed speech are about two hundred and fifty in number. Of these, 110, including the numerals, are from the *Tshinuk*, 17 from the *Nootka*, 38 from either one or the other, 33 from the French, and 41 from the English.

Americans are distinguished by the title *Bostun* (Boston), the English by *Kintshotsh* (King George), the French by *Pasains* (François).

There are no inflections; no article; the genitive of nouns is determined by position or construction, as *nem papa*, "the name of your father." The plural is seldom distinguished, except by the addition of *haiu*, many. Personal pronouns become possessive by being prefixed to nouns; relative pronouns must generally be understood, and the tense of the verb be inferred from the context, etc.

Many of the words have a very general sense, and may receive several different though allied significations. Thus, *mamuk* is to trade, buy, sell, or barter; *sakali* expresses up, over, high, tall; *stik* is stick, wood, tree, forest, club, cane, &c.; *saleks* is angry, hostile, to quarrel, fight. But it is in the faculty of combining and compounding its simple vocables, that the "Jargon" finds its special adaptation to the purposes to which it is applied. Almost every verb and adjective may receive a new signification by prefixing the word *mamuk*, to make or cause. Thus *mamuk tshako* (to make to come), to bring; *mamuk klatawa* (make to go), to send or drive away; *mamuk mash*, to throw down, &c.; *mamuk po*, to fire a gun; *mamuk klash*, to repair, put in order, arrange, cure, etc.

"The following instances," says Mr. Gallatin, "will show the usual mode of forming compound terms. From the English words man, ship, stone, sel, haus, skin, are formed *shipman*, a sailor; *shipstick*, a spar; *stikskin*, bark; *selhaus*, a tent; *stikston*, petrified wood. *Haiu-haus* (many houses) is the usual term for town; *kol-ilehi*, *wam ilehi* (cold country, warm country) mean summer and winter; *kolsik*, *wamsik* (cold sickness, warm sickness), fever and ague. *Tauas-man* (little man) is the name for boy; God is called *Sakali-tai*, above chief, or chief on high."

Music.

DONIZETTI's Opera of Roberto Devereux has been the latest production at the Italian Opera house, being the first time of its appearance in this country. Though abounding in good melodies and graceful instrumentation, the want of interest in the libretto, added to the almost total absence of concerted pieces, will ever prevent this work from becoming a popular opera. The parts are taken by Signorina Truffi as Queen Elizabeth, Benedetti as the Earl of Essex, Signorina Patti as the Duchess (!) of Nottingham, and Signor Rossi Corsi as the Duke. Signorina Truffi both sang and acted with much energy; her voice, unfortunately, refused to second her intentions, consequently the full brilliancy of the music was wanting; this was particularly felt in such passages as "Ah ritorno qual Fa spero," and in one or two of her slow movements, where Donizetti is fond of using the extremes of a voice. Her acting and declamation throughout were, however, so excellent as in a great measure to counterbalance these deficiencies, and render her representation of Elizabeth one of her best performances. Signorina Patti entered upon her duties as Sara, Duchess of Nottingham, with rather too much vehemence. The music is somewhat high for her capabilities, but by practice and determination she has brought it more within her power than could have been anticipated. The tendency to exaggeration both in her singing and acting is an evil which time and experience alone can cure. Signor Benedetti, as Devereux, Earl of Essex, maintained his individuality as *Benedetti* as strongly as ever. The second act of the opera contains some beautiful music, especially in the scene between Essex and Sara; Signor Benedetti, however, confines his sympathies entirely to the power of his lungs, and addressed the lady of his affections with all his usual violence. "Il verò intesi," is a fine duet, and with any amount of clear singing, would be sure to find applause. The finale "Questo addio" was the most effectual point in the opera for rousing the enthusiasm of the audience, chiefly owing to the good upper range of the tenor's voice, which produces an upper B b, given roundly forth by the chest. His scene in the prison was, in our opinion, sung by him with more taste and judgment than any other part of the opera, evidencing more of the musician than anything we have before heard from him. Signor Rossi Corsi is a decided addition to the company. With an equal-toned, but limited organ, he contrives to render a very uninteresting part into an important character. He sings with care and skill, and shows himself possessed of much dramatic feeling. The opera may be said to have been arranged with some attention to details. The first few choruses were delivered with more steadiness than those in the last act; the orchestra had a tolerably easy task, and acquitted themselves respectably.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE performance of the second concert in the seventh annual season of the Philharmonic Society was held upon last Saturday evening, at the Assembly Rooms; an audience being in attendance, good both as to quality and numbers. The attendance at the Society Concerts is less fashionable than it was at the outset, but the subscribers are more discriminating and appreciative in taste. One looking from the orchestra will be struck by the attentive interest manifest before him; an interest so

different from that which, prompted often by curiosity, often by novelty, is witnessed upon various musical occasions.

The feature of the concert was Spohr's Double Symphony, performed by two orchestras of the members. It was a musical poem in three parts; each illustrative of periods in the life of man. In the first the music gave us—

"———Childhood's unsuspecting dream,
 Wearing in peaceful innocence away,"

the leading theme being a plaintive movement divided between the violins and oboes. The second portrayed youth's feelings "distracted by inward strife;" the melodies wavering; now quiet; again stormy; now taken up by the flutes and violins; again stormed (so to speak) by martial strains. In the third part passion striving with the influences of the good; the latter being finally victorious, while the symphony concluded with a fine musical prayer. Spohr's music fully translated the poetry of his heart in this instance; and connectedly with its subject we wished for the presence on the walls of Cole's pictures of *Life's Voyage*, that eye as well as ear could have assisted the mind in rightly conceiving and understanding the composer's harmonies.

The overture to "Oberon" was effectively played, as was also a trio from one of Mozart's symphonies; the latter encored; a deserved compliment to the director, Mr. George Loder, whose drill exertions none who visit the rehearsals fail of noticing. Nor was the individual merit of the society forgotten. (*En passant*, bring out some of the American talent, Mr. Loder). Mr. Eltz upon the bassoon (think of it, Master Brooks) executed some very pleasing variations of a Bohemian melody, as arranged by another member, Mr. Jacoby: which, with the trumpeting of Mr. Haase, created quite a furore.

We were pleased to hear Mr. Kyle, the Secretary, announce that the Society had determined upon a return to the Apollo Rooms; for the Assembly Room, however well calculated for balls (and we are indifferent judges in this matter) is but a tub of a place for sound, and by no means so well calculated for musical effect as the rooms of the Apollo, so long occupied by the Society, and with which they are identified to the New York public.

The Fine Arts.

THE CLINTON MONUMENT AGAIN.

To the Editors of the *Literary World*.—

GENTLEMEN:—As a citizen of the State of New York, generally and especially as a member of the Clinton Monument Association, I tender you my thanks for the favorable manner in which you were pleased, in your Journal of Jan. 13, 1849, to notice the public object of that association—the erection of a monument to the memory of De Witt Clinton. Permit me, at the same time, to express to you my sincere regret at the injustice which the article in question in your Journal has, from its errors of fact, done to the Trustees of the Association, their Special Committee, and to Mr. Renwick. That injustice will be made manifest by a simple statement of facts.

At a meeting of the Trustees of the Association, held on the 30th of May, 1848, a special committee, consisting of Messrs. Bradish, Fillmore, and Parmelee, was appointed "to ascertain the probable expense of a suitable monument to be erected to the memory of De Witt Clinton; and the form and material of such monument; and whether the relatives of the deceased would consent to the removal of his remains to the place selected for such monument; and where and on what terms suitable land could be obtained for the erection of

the same, and to report thereon to the next meeting."

This committee accordingly, by public advertisement, invited offers of sites and designs for the proposed monument. Six of the latter were in consequence received by the committee, and by them reported to the Trustees, at their meeting on the 8th of August, 1848. At that meeting the special committee reported progress, and were continued, with instructions to present to the Board, at its next meeting, "a report setting forth the considerations which occurred to them in favor of a *civic*, and those also in favor of a *sepulchral* monument; and suggestions relating to the selection of a site appropriate to the respective styles of monument, and such information relating to particular locations as should appear to them of importance."

The time for offers of sites and designs for the monument was consequently extended by the committee, by public advertisement, to the time of the next meeting of the board, on the 27th of Oct., 1848. No additional offers, however, were received, except of the three designs by Mr. Renwick, which were submitted by the committee to the trustees, at their meeting on the 27th of October. At that meeting, the Special Committee made their final Report, and the Board thereupon came to a decision upon the *character* and *location* of the monument.

You will thus perceive that this decision was subsequent to the receipt of all the designs offered, those of Mr. Renwick as well as the others; and that all artists, therefore, had the same opportunity in the competition. Indeed, it so happened, that of the Six Designs offered, besides Mr. Renwick's, five of them were *civic*, the character adopted by the trustees; and even the sixth, like the third of Mr. Renwick's, was both *civic* and *sepulchral* in its character.

You will therefore perceive, that the statement in your Journal is incorrect, that Mr. Renwick's designs were sent in after the committee had reported in favor of one of a *civic* character, and that he thus had a decided advantage over any other artist submitting a design. All artists had the same opportunity, and the same advantage in the competition. It was the interest, as it certainly was the disposition of the Trustees and their Committee, that this should be so. They intended to be, as they believe they have been, entirely impartial and fair in this matter. They could have no other motive than a desire, by an open and general appeal to the talent of the country, to obtain the best design for the work they contemplate, and thus, in the fullest and best manner, to accomplish the great public object of this Association.

In regard to the criticism of the design adopted, and of which a lithographic print is given in the pamphlet publication of the Association, it is not my intention to offer any remarks, at this time, except to correct a misapprehension of fact. The critic says that "small zocles flank the ends of the main zocle, and on these are statues of *winged angels*, holding shields, with the arms of the State, and of the cities of New York and Albany." The imagination of the Critic, in this description, has been much more creative than that of the Artist. It has "bodied forth the forms of things unknown," and peopled the design with celestial beings far above the comparatively humble, and I think more appropriate imaginings of the author of the design. These latter were confined to simple "trophies composed from the arms of the State, and of the cities of New York and Albany," and did not rise to the lofty elevation of those celestial existences, to which the imaginative critic has given, upon our earthly monument, "a local habitation and a name."

It is true that in a lithographic print necessarily so small as that in the published pamphlet, it is somewhat difficult to give, with any great, or even the desirable distinctness, the minute details of such a design. But then what might be imperfectly represented in the print was so clearly expressed in the specifications, that it was hoped that the design would be sufficiently understood; and certainly no apprehension was entertained that its earthly

"trophies" would, by any transforming power of imagination, be exalted into "winged Angels."

But perhaps the critic did not see the specifications of the design; and, therefore, like many other critics, was not well aware of what he criticised, relying upon the images of his own creative imagination, rather than the actual existence of "the record;" at any rate the denunciatory criticism that "while the figure of Clinton is represented as draped in classic costume, the flanking *winged Angels*, with their shields, are thorough specimens of mediæval sculpture, and of a purely ecclesiastical character—'British classics,' we may call them"—all this criticism, however artistic in itself it may be, falls lifeless to the ground, simply because the supposed foundation on which it rests has no existence whatever, except in the very fertile imagination of the accomplished critic.

Trusting that you will give to this explanation a publicity as extensive as you have done to the criticism to which it relates, and which has induced it, I remain, gentlemen, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

A TRUSTEE.

New York, January 13, 1849.

This communication, which we have published entire, in consideration of the source whence it emanates, makes a distinction in which we cannot concur, bestowing the thanks upon the "Editors" for the favorable notice of the *project* contained in the opening of the article in question, and reserving the thumps for the "critic," for his supposed "lame and impotent conclusion." On the supposition that we "keep" a critic, we must insist upon the "coppers" as well as the "kicks" for his due, the notice throughout being from under one hand.

The *critique* was written from an examination of the pamphlet and its lithographic frontispiece, and these, we think, without any further information than they convey, bear out the views expressed. The side groups alluded to, so closely resemble "winged angels holding shields," with flags behind them (which latter, we suppose, are intended for the "trophies" specified in the description, though we were loath to think so at first, seeing the unfitness of stone for such attenuated forms of decoration), that we cannot, after the closest inspection of the lithograph, come to any other opinion than that the architect really so meant them to be. Besides, such "celestial existences," which the communication disclaims as inappropriate, are kept in countenance by the *bas-reliefs* in the arch spandrils, which certainly are winged, though rather threadbare, emblematic, having been "run into the ground," as the saying is, some years ago, in the slove and grate decorative department.

There is one inaccuracy certainly in the article, in stating that the design chosen was submitted after the report in favor of a *civic* form of monument. The design was received by the committee on the 26th of October, and their Report was submitted on the 27th, the next day. The length and character of the report preclude the supposition that it was prepared during the few hours' interval, and it might readily be concluded, without the least idea of intentional unfairness on the part of the distinguished gentlemen composing the committee, that Mr. Renwick had the opportunity of ascertaining its views beforehand. The report following so immediately the reception of the design, would almost make it appear as though it had been expressly waited for.

The pamphlet does not, in the paragraph alluded to, convey the information stated above, that "the time for offers of sites and designs was extended," after the first reception of them in August. It simply states that the special committee "appointed on the 30th

of May preceding, was continued, and was directed to present to the Board, at its next meeting, 'A report setting forth the considerations, which occurred to them, in favor of the erection of a *civic*, and those also in favor of a *sepulchral* monument; and such suggestions relating to the selection of a site appropriate to the respective styles of monument, and such information relating to particular locations, as should appear to them of importance.' " This is an essential fact, the omission of which in the report was unfortunate.

No imputation of favoritism could for a moment have been intended; the statements of the pamphlet were such as to make it appear that one artist had prepared his design, in the competition, under superior advantages of information, and the language used was, "appears to be unfair." As to the critique on the design, as a work of Art, its inconsistencies could have been more strongly insisted upon and exposed, but the "critic" seems to have borne in mind Hood's

"Lift her up tenderly,
Lay her with care,
Fashioned so slenderly," &c.

The Drama.

VANITY FAIR.

A COMEDY in three acts by John Brougham, Esq., has been played with marked success for many nights at Burton's Theatre. We say, a comedy by John Brougham, Esq., for although called a dramatic version of Thackeray's popular novel, *Vanity Fair* at Burton's is a new and fresh affair, whose performance will be best understood and appreciated by those who have not read the novel. Brougham has denuded the novel to a skeleton, and reclothed it, partly with new suits, partly with second-hand garments.

The novel exposed society humbug in several branches by an admirable *reductio ad absurdum* process. And the aim of the novel was the aim in the comedy; the plot of the latter as compared with that of the former being less rambling and tedious; and journeying more connectedly to its appropriate climax.

So altered were the situations, and characters, and times, and seasons, and the dialogue of Thackeray's individual creations, that he himself would have been puzzled to have found their identity.

For the benefit of those who have read the original story, and as reading it, wondering how an acting drama could be manufactured from its material, we give a few examples of the manner in which Brougham disposed of the *dramatis personæ*. In the latter's hand, old Sedley's ruin affected him very little; and his daughter had slight opportunity of showing her love for Osborne, and after the first act was lost sight of. Her real lover, Dobbin, was as tall in stature as the Lieutenant Dobbin of the novel, but far more chary in displaying his unselfish but unfortunate affection. The Reverend Crawley jumped over the thirty-nine articles into the sheepfold of Methodism. His father, the Baronet, made love to the Governess in the genuine low comedy style; displayed little of his miserliness; forgot his self-respect perpetually, and when drunk, acted more like a hod-man whose intoxicating bowl was an earthen one of whiskey, than like a lord whose brain was stolen away by London Particular. Rawdon Crawley (Brougham) was a modern fast man at the outset; next a reckless spendthrift; finally unburying a quantity of good common sense and sterling feeling. Joe Sedley (Raymond) was converted into a Toots (perhaps to suit the performer) with marginal notes on his countenance and adden-

da in his dress. Mrs. Major O'Dowd (Mrs. Brougham), a woman determined to be no submissive wife, uttered more bulls in a quarter hour than the lance of a rhetorician would wish to bait, and emerged from a barracks to play fine lady and love-making interrupter in drawing-rooms. Miss Crawley (Mrs. Vernon) was a wide awake female Joe Bagstock, and made no secret of the distrust she entertained of the relative attention she received; laying numerous traps to catch the sincerity of those around her, in which she succeeded to the best of her wishes. 'Becky Sharpe (Miss Chapman) was a female Richelieu, who in her manoeuvres to "get on," dismissed modesty, truth, and sincerity as cumbersome travelling equipage, and refused two seriatim offers from Joe Sedley and Sir Pitt to marry and manage the fast man; becoming in the end, however, a repentant woman. The latter character was the only one really taken soul and body from the book.

We have said Brougham clothed Thackeray's denuded skeleton partly with second hand garments: for many of the situations and characters suggested those of other plays. The "Will" scene in Bulwer's "Money" was brought to mind immediately by the "Will" scene in "Vanity Fair," wherein all the characters of the act described an arc upon the stage with chairs, and in that position heard a will read, and were ludicrously disappointed in their expectations. The Rev. Pitt Crawley was an indifferent "Mawworm." Mrs. Major O'Dowd and husband were Irish representations of Lady Gay and Dolly Spanker in London Assurance.

"Vanity Fair" is worth a dozen pieces like the "Enchanted Isle," a piece which may please the habitués of the "Adelphi" in London, to whom stale puns by way of crutches, and incongruous hits at republicanism and revolution, become dramatic sauce; but we think there is a legitimacy of farce and burlesque as well as of the high drama: and since people, who some day will be sorry for it, trample the latter under foot, let us have our farce and fun in America as legitimate as possible.

What is Talked About.

ITEMS OF NEWS.

The article which we recently published from *Douglas Jerrold's Magazine* relative to "Mr. Remington in his Den" is going the rounds of the Press, with various harsh comments, which we trust will be modified after a "clearing up" statement from Mr. Remington. His letter originally was a private one, and its defects may turn out to be errors of omission, which he would have supplied in a public statement. The *Albion*, by the way, couples with its mention of this matter a notice of the statement of CAPTAIN KNIGHT, of the *New World*, respecting the exclusive claims and sudden philanthropic reputation of Frederick Jerome—whose popularity has been so great, that it was absurdly made the basis of getting up a subscription list to a literary magazine. It appears that Jerome, one of the crew on board the *New World's* life boat, under the bows of the burning Ocean Monarch, was ordered on to the bowsprit to lower the people down, which he did, obeying the skilful directions of the officers with the rest of the crew; but that accidentally leaving the wreck in the boat of the *Ocean Monarch*, from which he went on board of the *Alfonso*, he had the first opportunity of telling his story, and by this gain of

half an hour, which he passed on that vessel among the distinguished guests, acquired the cash and reputation which were quite as much due to his comrades. How much similar fame in the world might be crushed at a blow if the Captain Knights who stood alongside were to make affidavits of the facts!

— Miss Fuller writes from Rome, feelingly, and every American who has been in Italy will echo the wish, concerning the qualities for the new minister to be sent thither. The country would not be badly off if the pleasantry with which she continues could be turned into fact in the present tense.—"Pray send here a good Ambassador—one that has experience of foreign life, that he may act with good judgment; and, if possible, a man that has knowledge and views which extend beyond the cause of party politics in the United States; a man of unity in principles, but capable of understanding variety in forms. And send a man capable to prize the luxury of living in, or knowing Rome: it is one that should not be thrown away on a person who cannot prize or use it. Another century, and I might ask to be made Ambassador myself ('tis true, like other Ambassadors, I would employ clerks to do the most of the duty), but woman's day has not come yet. They hold their clubs in Paris, but even George Sand will not act with women as they are. They say she pleads they are too mean, too treacherous. She should not abandon them for that, which is not nature but misfortune. How much I shall have to say on that subject if I live, which I hope I shall not, for I am tired of the battle with giant wrongs, and would like to have some one younger and stronger arise to say what ought to be said, still more to do what ought to be done."

— The California mania of course continues, with new illustrations of the leading traits we have lately so abundantly exhibited. Every method of reaching the imagination is set in motion from a distant mysterious rumor, a semi-palpable quack advertisement, to actual demonstration of the "pickings." Every newspaper with its intelligence, anecdotes, facetiae, is a humorous or sorrowful study of the philosophy of credulity. There is an incentive for every mind, from the cold, cautious millionaire, to whom fortune is risk, to the poor, hard worked apprentice, to whom risk of every sort is fortune. All persons are got at in some way, by this subtle and pervasive mineral. Already the anticipated intelligence of the hardships of travellers to the Pacific is a matter of daily record. The good humor with which the invincible Yankee spirits write of the "middle passage" across the Isthmus, coming out "strong" under its miseries, is blended with the obituaries of those who perish by the way. From Valparaiso, the Sandwich Islands, the coast of Mexico, Oregon, the expected movement, amounting almost to depopulation, is fully confirmed;—while for those who cut out for the grand adventure, a full share of piracies and nautical horrors, the story of the mutiny on board of the *Amelia* (which left Mazatlan with \$300,000 in specie) equals in murder and terror the rankest massacre in the Pirate's own Book. And this is but the beginning of the Drama!

— *Punch* finds a sure card in the California Diggings, but his jokes, after the humorous sketch of Doyle, are inferior—not at all equal to the American newspaper columns of burlesques and facetiae on this subject.

— The Free Academy was opened with popular exercises—to wit, music, a poem, and a

rhetorical address from the President of the Board of Education, on Saturday last. This Institution, the result of a direct popular vote, goes into operation under the happiest conditions, in the charge of a Principal—HORACE WEBSTER—of sterling attainments, who, with the aid of the Faculty, will support the independence, discipline, and mature standard of acquirements necessary in a College which is to be a guide to the popular mind, the influence of which is to be felt in many ways beyond its own walls. Mr. Duggan's appointment to the Professorship of Drawing is to be regarded as peculiarly auspicious; not only from the acquisition of his scientific ability, which would be a cause for congratulation at any time, but as the first recognition of the connexion of the Fine Arts with Utilitarian Education. The value of this professorship should be felt in a thousand forms in the labor of our mechanics, and through the various branches of American manufacture, which are now dependent for models or patterns upon the artists of Europe.

— A "Histronic Society, of young men, has been formed in New Orleans, for the cultivation of the drama and amateur performances. "The association," says the *Delta*, "has met with great success in raising the means to carry out its designs. Nearly all our prominent citizens subscribed most liberally, and an ample fund is already in hand to complete the arrangements. The Theatre, which is quite a large and respectable edifice, is rapidly progressing to a completion. It is situated on Nayades street, between Melpomene and Thalia—a very happy location—between the muse of music, and the muse of comic poetry. The neighborhood around is one of the most enlightened in the city, being composed almost entirely of citizens who reside here permanently. The Lafayette Railroad runs in front of the Theatre, so as to secure an easy access to it by those who reside at a distance.

"The outside of the building is nearly completed, and the whole will be finished, we suppose, by the 1st of February. A large portion of the scenery has already been painted by that tasteful and accomplished artist, Captain Mondelli. We have seen several of his scenes, and they are beautiful and well designed."

— The *Chronotype*, discoursing of the "Rewards of Labor," notices an accidental interference with, and a permanent privilege of the literary life.—"There is a piteous whining that literary men are not well paid. We are aware that they are unmercifully robbed. A man has as sacred a property in the productions of his mind when embalmed in print, as he can have in lands, cattle, corn, or oil. Yet this right is systematically violated between English and American authors, through the obtuseness of our Congress. Yet, apart from this piracy, literary men are commonly well paid, considering that their work is in a great measure its own reward. Other people get a better living, but they after all live best."

— The *Boston Evening Transcript* copies from the *Literary World*, without credit, the translation of Lamartine's poem "Remembrance." It appeared as original a few weeks since in our pages. Moreover, the poem is abridged in the *Transcript* without any notice of that fact either, and the translator's initials omitted. We state this in justice to the translator, a lady of Philadelphia, from whose pen we shall soon present our readers with other versions of Lamartine.

THE COLONEL'S CLUB.

MEETING CXLVIII.

On this, the first meeting of the year 1849, THE COLONEL came in earlier than usual; 7½ P.M.; as beaming, bald, buckish, benevolent as ever. No overcoat (thermometer at 4 above zero, but he never wears one). Snuff-colored frock-coat, unbuttoned, displaying expanse of white waistcoat and shirt frill; white cravat, white stockings, low shoes, gold top cane, presented by Club on 61st birthday, Dec. 13th, 1848 (name, age, date, inscription engraved on ditto—total expense \$12 50, vide accounts of Club for 1848. Milledoller, Treasurer).

Club rose to receive THE COLONEL. Arm chair wheeled in front of the fire. The semi-circle formed as usual.

[N. B. MEMORANDUM.—Finding my minutes of last year defective in many essential particulars, and being convinced that injustice is done, both to the Colonel and the Club, by omitting to mention in detail everything that occurs in the meetings, the rule which I adopt for my future guidance is this, viz.—The Conversation of the Club to be as fully as possible recorded in the language of the speaker, subject to correction by any member; and also any unusual or striking occurrence, or anything which I may judge interesting or noteworthy, either in the way of incident or illustration, to be particularized as fully as time will permit.]

The first remark on this, the One Hundred and Forty-eighth Meeting of the Club, was made by

THE COLONEL. *De Mortuis nil*, but I'm glad, on my honor, that the year 1848 is fairly dead and gone. It was a racketty, troublesome customer. A quarrelsome, cut-throat of a year. There is no peace to its memory. *No requiescat in pace* for its grave. It ought to be buried under a railroad crossing, with a magnetic telegraph wire stuck through its body.

Mr. Stout. My sentiments, Colonel. Figurative of course. The fact is, the past year, to borrow an expression, was very humbuggy. Revolutions are like six barrelled revolvers—figurative, you understand,—for instance, where one barrel hits, five miss.

Mr. Florer. Gentlemen, I am amazed. I contend for the very reverse of your propositions. I appeal to facts. It was a year of progress. A year in which achievement exceeded anticipation, and promise was outstripped by performance. The thrones of Europe have fallen—

Stout. Yes, sir; and the stocks, too.

Florer (contemptuously). The stocks! There is no principle involved in the rise or fall of the stocks.

Stout. The deuce there isn't. Lots of interest, any how.

Florer. Political principle, Mr. Stout, was what I had reference to; and I contend, that the year 1848, however disastrous to the interests of an aggrandizing mercantile community, conspicuous by the selfishness of its motives, and the narrowness of its views, was a wonderful year. It was marked by convulsion, and stained with crime, but these were only accidental and occasional—like excrescences which, while they might have marred the beauty of a Theodora or an Antinous, would be too minute for observation in the gigantic proportions of the Farnese Hercules. I contend—

THE COLONEL. Come, come, Florer. None of that. We are all good Democrats. I should like the member of this Club that isn't. (Here the Colonel brought his right hand hard down on his knee, and I presume his meaning was that he shouldn't like to see the member, &c.; but I give his words as they were uttered.) But Stout and I look at these things through spectacles. It makes a difference, my boys; you youngsters throw your squid out into the surf, haul it in again as quick as lightning, and expect a twenty pound bass at every second throw; an old man like me drops his line into the quiet, shady side of the millpond and goes home satisfied with a couple of fat trout or half a dozen perch.

Stout. My sentiments, Colonel. Figurative, again, of course. What I want is security. For instance, I want to know where I tread. The fact is, a sure step and taking all day to get there, is better than going in half the time, and breaking your neck on the way.

Florer. Getting where?

Stout. Why, anywhere; figurative, you see. The French want freedom, don't they? Well, we wanted it once, didn't we? We took the slow and sure line, and got where it was in about fifteen years. They take the express train, and who knows that they won't be all blown up in the journey, and no insurance?

Florer. Fatuitous foreboding is the common cant of Conservatism.

Mr. Milledoller. It's a curious piece of statistics that the principal occasions on which the popular vote of France has been called out,

have all been for the benefit of the Napoleon dynasty. First in 1799, First Consulate. Second in Consulate for life, 1802. Third, 1804, Hereditary empire. Fourth, 1848, Presidency of the Republic.—All Napoleon periods.

Mr. Attie. Then a theatrically-disposed person might say that the ballot box was the private box of the Napoleon family.

THE COLONEL. Yes; but that Louis Napoleon didn't come in till the half price.

Florer. Your proposition, Colonel, if a pun, or remark in the nature of a pun, may be logically said to include a proposition, implies a censure upon Louis Napoleon. Now, I contend that he is an able man. He has been decried by ignorant maligners. He has been seriously injured by Punch.

Stout. Good gracious; I never knew he was intemperate.

Florer. The periodical Punch—a weekly journal published in London, Mr. Stout, is what I refer to. It launched its malignant paragraphs at Louis Napoleon in a style worthy of the disappointed hirelings of a degenerated aristocracy. It is not generally known that he is the author of several works on political economy.

Attie. Of which one may be seen in the window of Putnam, Importer. It is about three inches by five. Mrs. Osgood's Letter about the Lions is a folio alongside of it. But since the conversation of the Club has taken a Continental turn, perhaps it might not be amiss if I introduce a recent effusion of my muse intended for the March number of the Metropolitan Mantua-makers' Magazine, for which my discriminating friend, Ezekiel Stick, has offered me 75 cents a page, but over which, of course, the Club can exercise its right of stoppage *in transitu*.

THE COLONEL. Out with it, Attie. So far from proving a miss, I don't doubt it's a decided hit.

ATTIE produces a yard and a half of dingy manuscript, and reads

THE CARNIVAL IN EUROPE.

BY ATTIE, OF THE COLONEL'S CLUB.

HAVE you ever seen the Carnival, at Paris, or at Rome?
Have you quaffed its cup of merriment when it sparkled at its foam?
Have you caught its lively jest, and its stinging pasquinade?
Have you jostled with the masks in the motley masquerade?
Have you whirled along the Corso 'midst the torrents of confetti?
Have you marvelled at the beauty of the fairy *mocholetti*?

O merrier than this, and wilder in its play,
Is the Carnival they're keeping on the Continent to-day!
Not the idle rabble only, nor the shiftless, gay buffoon,
But the monarch plays the clown, and the prince the pantaloon;
With his subjects for spectators, as it suits to clap or hiss,
The sovereign of the last year is the Harlequin of this.

'Twas France that set the fashion, 'tis a year in February,
Louis Philippe led it off, this Carnival so merry,
To save himself from shooting, and his populace to please,
He took the funny character of poor old *Char-les Dix*;
And so popular it proved, and so very full of fun,
That in this famous character he had a famous run!

Then perforce with every Frenchman was the Carnival in vogue;
Then poets played the Statesman, and Statesmen played the rogue;
Then the wisest proved the weakest, and the weakest proved most strong;
And still goes on this Carnival; but who may know how long?
Or, when the masks are taken off, pray who can tell us yet,
But what seems the Goddess Liberty, may prove a mere *grisette*?

But the Germans joined the Carnival, that race of steady smokers,
And they took it up in earnest, too, like practical old jokers;
And of all their madcap plans, what did most execution,
Was a monstrous Punchinello, whom they nicknamed *Constitution*;
Underneath the palace-windows they bring the dreadful fellow,
And all the kings and dukes must dance around this Punchinello!

There was Louis of Bavaria, that royal, old Mæcenas,
A Sovereign in the morning and at midnight a Silenus;
He tried to still this Carnival by coaxing and by curses,
For though himself a poet, he didn't like *reverses*;
But at last he joins the ring, and nothing could be droller,
Than his abdicating *pas de deux* with that famous danseuse Lola!

Nor was the joke forgotten, nor was the fun the least,
In brilliant, bright Vienna, the Paris of the East!
There, by the rushing Danube, and in the shady Prater,
The peasant played the patriot, and the student played the martyr;
Then rang Saint Stephen's arches with shouts of bloody revel,
While the altar steps were stained with the orgies of the Devil!

And though the Emperor Ferdinand frowned on his Kaiser-stadt,
And called the frolic treason, and rebellion, and all that;
And though he sent an army for the public taste to cater,

And shot poor printer Blum for playing Legislator;
Yet after all he couldn't keep from giving up himself,
So he dances from his throne, and his crown is on the shelf!

But the Carnival is always the merriest at Rome,
In the shadow of the Pincian and St. Peter's gorgeous dome;
While half the world is merry, shall they join the other half?
O no, the Romans only wait to have a louder laugh!
Around the Quirinal they cry, "Shall other lands outvie us?"
"Come out and join the Carnival, thou reverend Father Pius!"

O when his turn was come, who joins the Carnival quicker
Than the Pontifex Supremus, and universal Vicar?
Not long it takes his Holiness to practise the deceiver,
He doffs the saintly cassock, and he dons the modern beaver,
And whirls in footman's livery, and a frightful false moustache,
Through the *Porta San Giovanni*, and across the Pontine Marsh."

Now surely to good Protestants right pleasant must it be,
In such a state of things as this, to see the Holy See,
The Head of all the Church they think, a tansured old buffoon,
St. Peter's chair, a rocking-chair, the Keys all out of tune;
The Vatican at last for good by the man of Sin vacated,
And that great toe that bothers them so, for ever dislocated.

So goes this merry Carnival, and who of us that guesses
Where it will stop or what 'twill do in all its wild excesses;
But it's evident there's something in the joke that's very taking,
For with its fun old Europe in all her sides is shaking,
And surely to good Democrats, the joke is not amiss,
That the Sovereigns of the last year are the Harlequins of this!

Florer. I contend, Attic, that your verses are open to criticism.

Attic. So are the Odes of Horace, the Comedies of Aristophanes, and even the Raven of Mr. Poe, the Fable for the Critics of James Russell Lowell, and the Columbiad of Dr. Barlow.

Florer. My objections are subjective. There are propositions enunciated in that poem which, under the cover of jocose raillery, aim a blow at the existence of free institutions. But, waiving these, the style of your remarks on the Pope is, I contend, objectionable in the highest degree. The Pope is entitled to sympathy, not satire. He is a religious gentleman in distress. The fact of his having had recourse to moustaches and a round hat, proves nothing in itself. St. Paul once made his escape out of a window in a basket, but who thinks of laughing at that? In point of fact, there are no grounds—

Attic. None, whatever. That's the very thing. Pegasus, please to remember, is a winged steed. He goes by a screw, like that marvellous quadruped in the Arabian Nights. Sometimes he carries off a vagabond, sometimes a princess; but, once in the air, he isn't responsible for any of his gyrations. There is nothing libellous in poetry, nowadays. No ten thousand dollar damages entrenched within its lines.

Mr. Blunt. You refer to Thompson *versus* Beach. That was a pretty price to pay for a paragraph. Ten thousand dollars for a dozen lines of libel. It was spiking what Jefferson calls "the artillery of the Press" with a vengeance.

Florer. It ought to be spiked when its guns are loaded with calumny, levelled with malice, and aimed at innocence.

Blunt. Very true; if Judge Oakley and the Beach Jury could be appointed to do the work. But what good is done by making one example? Was there never a libel before in a penny paper? Will abusive editors grow amiable, all of a sudden, in view of this appalling judgment against one of the craft? Not a bit of it. Moderate damages, large enough to be a punishment to the libeller, and an authentic justification of his character to the libelled party, would have had a salutary effect. But an extravagant amount, that surprises everybody, and nobody more than the plaintiff, creates a momentary impression, the effect of which passes off in its own effervescence. Steamboats are never so safe as just after an explosion. Another such verdict will not be heard of for a quarter of a century. It was one of those sudden bursts of virtuous indignation which courts and juries sometimes take, and for which somebody must suffer. The community dozes away, unconscious of abuses all around, on every side, like an old school-mistress in the country on a summer's afternoon. All of a sudden, some unlucky chap gives the longest whistle yet, madam starts from her nap, and the nearest urchin smarts for the whole school.

Attic. But the nearest urchin always deserves a share of the flogging. Still, as you say, the great abuses go unpunished, while the little ones are now and then unmercifully cudgelled. The Hercules of Modern Reform tries hard to clean out the Augean stables, by scrubbing a plank at a time.

Blunt. Our eccentric friend, Horace Greeley, for instance, pro-

ceeds on this principle. Starting on his Congressional career, he must needs take by the horns the first bull he meets, and gets a tossing for his pains. What could be more fruitless or hopeless than his attack on the pockets of his fellow members?

Florer. He had no previous accumulations of public sentiment to back him. Now, I contend, that it is a settled law of Progress, that Agitation must precede Reform. This is proved over and over again in the history of every progressive movement, from Magna Charta to the Wilmot Proviso. Now how much more good would Horace have done had he thrown himself with his extra ammunition into some branch of reform already marked out by popular demonstrations, and demanded by the popular voice, and asked for something that everybody wants!

Milledoller. Cheap Postage, for instance.

Blunt. Precisely. Very few people care anything about the mileage of M.Cs. It's a tax on the public, but they don't feel it. It is one of those imperceptible imposts that people bear easily, because unless somebody digs it out of the financial system, and exhibits it as a wonderful monstrosity, they never see it. But postage is the most palpable sort of a tax. That is what makes it so odious. Every letter a man writes or receives, reminds him of it; reminds him that Englishmen, whom we laugh at every day for submitting to the most outrageous Governmental taxes, only pay two cents for what we, the Sons of Liberty, pay five and ten. No wonder that cheap postage is a necessity. All the cause wants now is two or three active pioneers in Congress who are willing to explore the deepest recesses of postal abuse, in spite of the grumbling sounds that have been issuing for the last four years from the portentous mouth of Cave Johnson.

THE COLONEL [*who had been looking into the fire steadily for five minutes, his face gradually brightening into the most genial and glowingly good-natured expression.*] Well, gentlemen, let the world wag, and the revolutions revolve; in spite of chance, change, catastrophe, and Cave Johnson, OUR CLUB holds its own!

Stout. That it does, and everybody's else besides.

THE COLONEL. There's a vitality about this Club that's amazing. When it began it was an experiment. I said to myself, will it succeed? Can I form a circle, the groundwork of whose union shall be the combined experience, observation, and opinions of its members, enlisted for the mutual benefit of the whole, to be interchanged without reserve and received without censure, so that the acquirements of each shall be the advantage of all? A circle in which Perpetual Good Humor shall be the President, Good Sense the Door-keeper, and Pleasant Recollection the Secretary? In which satire shall be admitted without calumny, criticism without insincerity, wit without buffoonery, politics without partisanship, opinion without dogmatism, religion without cant?

Attic. And as Sidney Smith said of Dr. Parr's *Eulogomania*, a great number of other things without a great number of other things.

THE COLONEL. Can I form a circle in which I can laugh without wounding my neighbor or lowering myself; in which I can be grave without the imputation of sourness; be silent when I would listen; find a listener when I would talk? In one word, can I form a Club, which shall be a Perpetual Committee of the Whole on the State of the World at large; in which nothing shall be out of order but bad breeding, and nothing excluded but humbug? It was an experiment, I say. Has it succeeded?

[*N.B. The Colonel says something like this every year at the first meeting. He always winds up with the concluding affirmation and interrogatory. The Club shake hands all round as the Colonel concludes. Mr. Stout invariably takes out his snuff-box, gives it three raps, passes it first to the Colonel, and then to the other members of the Club. It is a little peculiarity in Mr. Stout which may be worth recording.*]

Stout. It was an experiment. I thought so myself, literally, you understand. I said to myself just as the Colonel said, for example, Will it go? And to borrow an expression, it hasn't done anything else. The fact is, what the world wants is just such a Club as this. If humbug's a bane, this Club is the antidote. Figurative, you understand.

Milledoller. It is one of the last relics of perfect democracy. It gives every one a voice and a vote; and the majority of to-night is the minority of a week hence.

Attic (after counting the members present). In one word, this Club is a seven stringed *Æolian*, whose chords respond, in their quick vibration, to every breath of sentiment and every breeze of opinion; now in the gentlest strains of fancy and imagination, now in thunder tones of indignant eloquence, or unterrified rebuke.

Blunt. Bravo! If Pegasus isn't entirely broken in wind by that speech, why not trot him out again, Attic, with the old song.

Attic. By all means. The Club knows the tune. Strike in, everybody. (*Sings*).

THE COLONEL'S CLUB.

I.

OUR Club is a club of fine fellows,
Who take matters quite at their ease,
Who say what they happen to think,
And think pretty much as they please;
While others may miss at a mark,
Our random shots oftenest hit,
And our dulness twelve months in the year,
Is better than most people's wit!
Then success to the Club of the Colonel,
Nor its thread let the Fates cease to spin,
While there's folly to laugh at without,
Or good humor to welcome within!

II.

Our Club is a club of good friends,
Of all every one is the brother,
We think very well of ourselves,
And equally well of each other;
There's nothing too grave for our notice,
For our jest there is nothing too gay;
If we hang for our speeches to-morrow,
To-night we must still have our say!
Then success to the Club of the Colonel,
Nor its thread let the Fates cease to spin,
While there's folly to laugh at without,
And good humor to welcome within!

POVERTY OF THE IMAGINATION IN THE USE OF NAMES.

(From *Holden's Magazine* for February.)

"What a poverty of imagination, what a miserable sterility of invention is shown by our countrymen in their nomenclature of men, towns, and magazines. We once took the trouble of numbering the different towns and counties in the Union of the same name, and the result of our labors caused us to blush for the poverty of ideas manifested by our countrymen; we boast not a little of our inventive genius as applied to machinery, but we cannot lay claim to the least inventive power as applied to names. In all Europe there is but one London and one Paris; in this country we have dozens of each; we have some hundred and sixty Washingtons, nearly as many Jacksons, and fifty or sixty Jeffersons. In naming public houses we show the same poverty of invention: the Tremont House in Boston was most appropriately called, as Boston is said to be a trimontane city, and the street upon which the hotel fronts is called 'Tremont.' No sooner was the house named, however, than Tremont Houses sprang into existence all over the country; there is a Tremont House in Broadway, once called the 'Varick House,' after the former owner, a mayor of the city. It is but two or three months since the Messrs. Howard, after trying a long while for a name for their new hotel which had never been used, happily hit upon the 'Irving House.' It was an excellent name, and although it could not be copy-righted, it belonged of right to the gentleman who first thought of applying it to a hotel. But scarcely was this announcement made, than another house in Broadway was opened, and called the Irving Restaurant, and another just above it called the Irving Rooms. This is robbing one of his good name with a vengeance. When Mr. Greeley started the Tribune, that name had never been applied to a newspaper, and now there are Tribunes all over the Union; there is one in Portland, another in Chicago, and another in Mobile. So in regard to ships; if a merchant happens to hit upon a good

name for his vessel, it is sure of being copied by all sorts of craft. The Great Western steamship was called after the Great Western railroad from London to Bristol, and was very appropriately named, although the name itself is without significance. No sooner, however, did that steamship make her appearance in our waters than all sorts of craft were named after her; several large steamboats on our inland waters were called Great Westerns, and even men and women called themselves Great Westerns. Since our 'Dollar Magazine' has proved so successful an enterprise, other publishers, who had never dreamed of such a thing before, immediately issued prospectuses for dollar magazines. When Porter started his paper in this city called the Spirit of the Times, he invented a title which was his own private property, as much so as though he had dug it out of the earth, or hauled it out of the sea, and he should have been allowed the sole use of it, but straightway somebody publishes a Spirit of the Times in Philadelphia, another is started in Batavia in this State, and other Spirits in other places immediately crawled into being. Such appropriations of other men's ideas is downright dishonesty, and shows a lamentable looseness of feeling respecting the rights of others. Dickens struck a most happy vein when he wrote his first Christmas story, the Christmas Carol in prose, but he was not permitted to enjoy his discovery undisturbed; almost every author in England, seeing his success, directly began writing a Christmas story; in this country there have been but few written, because Christmas here is a very different day from Christmas in England. It is there a high national solemnity consecrated by old superstitions, rites, and traditions; but with us it is only an excuse for merrymaking, and is observed but by a small portion of the people. In Boston there was a tailor who opened a clothing store in an old oak house in Ann street, which he called 'Oak Hall,' and being a very shrewd Yankee, and understanding the value of an advertisement, by means of extensively advertising his place of business, he made a fortune, and Oak Hall became a celebrity. A New York clothier, seeing that Oak Hall had become renowned in Boston, has called his shop, in Fulton street, Oak Hall, not seeing that no name can be famous twice. It is rarely that a name is repeated in England, and when it is, there is a prefix or an addition which prevents confusion, as New Castle upon Tyne, or Stratford upon Avon, &c. In England the towns at the entrance of the rivers, in many cases, are called after the rivers, with the word *mouth* added, they being at the mouth of the river, as Weymouth, Falmouth, Yarmouth, Teignmouth, &c.; but all these names have been reproduced in New England without any reference to their fitness. Owners of ships and topographical engineers are not generally men of much imagination, and may, therefore, be pardoned for now and then borrowing a name from a neighbor, but editors of newspapers and magazines, who have not mental activity sufficient to enable them to invent a name for their publications, had better attempt a different line of business in which an inventive faculty is not essential to success. What's in a name, says Shakespeare, but there is a right of property in a name at least, if nothing more, and a name that is worth borrowing, is worth having by the original owner."

Varieties.

SNOBS.—"We are overrun with Snobs. They infest every walk of society, and take upon themselves burdens which they are not able to carry, or liberties which they should not enjoy!"—*Spirit of the Times*.

FOLLOWING THE SOJERS.—"The boys follow the sojers in youth—the women continue that exercise all their lives."—*Id.*

INHABITANTS OF CHAGRES.—"The three striking features of animated life are negroes, buzzards, and pelicans. Every roof is decorated with numbers of these buzzards, which are as tame as cats; and almost innumerable flocks of pelicans are wheeling in continual short flights, and plunging into the waters of the bay. Inanimate nature is magnificent in the extreme. The cocoa-nut tree, the palm, plantain, orange, lemon, and banana, abound, with others for which I have no name—while vines and parasitical plants make the forests almost impenetrable."—*Correspondence of the Spirit of the Times*.

WALKS IN ROME.—"I looked at the monument Chateaubriand erected when here, to a poor girl who died last of her family, having seen all the others perish round her. I entered the Domenichino Chapel, and gazed anew on those magnificent representations of the Life and Death of St. Cecilia. She and St. Agnes are my favorite saints. I love to think of those angel visits which her husband knew by the fragrance of roses and lilies left behind in the apartment. I love to think of his visit to the Catacombs, and all that followed. In this picture St. Cecilia, as she stretches out her arms towards the suffering multitude, seems as if an immortal fount of purest love sprang from her heart. She gives very strongly the sense of an inexhaustible love—the only love that is much worth thinking about."—*Miss Fuller's Letters to the Tribune*.

THE GOLD NEWS IN ENGLAND.—"Despite the affected coolness of John Bull, he has not been able to resist the California fever. The journals are occupied with the subject, to the neglect of domestic concerns. Their annoyance that these mines were discovered in American territory, and that territory the recent acquisition of our arms, is but imperfectly concealed."

"The London Globe amuses itself with Gov. Mason being left to do his own cooking at San Francisco, while his men were yielding to temptations stronger than their respect either for his favor or his authority. Here, says the Globe, is the *embarras des richesses* with a vengeance:

"What riches give us, let us first inquire—
Meat, fire, and clothes. What more?—Meat, clothes, and fire.
Is this too little?—Would you more than live?
Alas, 'tis more than Mason finds they give."

Post.

WASHINGTON.—"Washington has no resemblance to Napoleon. He was not a despot. He founded the political liberty at the same time as the national independence of his country. He used war only as a means to peace. Raised to the supreme power without ambition, he descended from it without regret, as soon as the safety of his country permitted. He is the model for all democratic chiefs. Now you have only to examine his life, his soul, his acts, his thoughts, his words; you will not find a single mark of condescension, a single moment of indulgence, for the favorite ideas of democracy. He constantly struggled—struggled even to weariness and to sadness—against its exactions. No man was ever more profoundly imbued with the spirit of government, or with respect for authority. He never exceeded the rights of power, according to the laws of his country; but he confirmed and maintained them, in principle as well as in practice, as firmly, as loftily, as he could have done in an old monarchical or aristocratical state. He was one of those who knew that it is no more possible to govern from below in a republic than in a monarchy—in a democratic than in an aristocratic society."—*Guizot's Democracy in France*.

MERIT AND ACQUISITIVENESS.—"It is a snobbish blunder most unbecoming to Americans, to measure the genius and talent, the brain-power and greatness of men, by their faculty of acquiring money. Men of very low acquisitiveness have frequently the very best and most productive superior faculties."—*The Chronotype*.

THE GIPSY OF THE NEW FOREST.—This story would form a subject for a drama. Some years ago, a handsome young gipsy was taken from her companions by a lady of fortune residing near Southampton, who educated her in the most finished manner, adopted her as a child, and introduced her into the best circles. She was so much admired, that she attracted the attention and won the heart of a young gentleman of fortune, whom she consented to marry. When the day for the ceremony arrived, she fled from her home, and not until some time afterwards was it known where she had gone. She at length returned to her protectress in gipsy garb, and informed her that an irresistible yearning which had long been growing upon her, compelled her to rejoin her gipsy friends, where she had found a husband. Apologizing thus for her apparent ingratitude, she departed. It was discovered that she had attached herself to a rough and unprincipled man, who treated her in the most cruel manner, but to whom, notwithstanding, she continued to devote herself with unabated affection. This person having committed some crime, which was about to doom him to transportation, was pardoned through her intercessions with her former lover, and by the aid of the powerful influence of the family that had protected her. Strange to say, that when liberated, and about to leave the hall where he was temporarily confined, the felon, meeting his gipsy wife on a plank near the water, when she was expecting to receive his grateful thanks, actually jostled her off, and she came very near being drowned. She continued her devoted attention to the wretch for several years, until he was finally executed. She did not long survive him. This story is true, and the heroine's name was Charlotte Stanley. We imagine James, the novelist, has had these circumstances in his mind on more than one occasion. The conclusion is not such as we like in novels or dramas, but this reversed picture of life would be a curious subject for the stage.—*Evening Post*.

THE CALIFORNIA EMIGRANT.

BY "ONE OF 'EM."

Tune—"Old Susannah!"

I come from Salem city,
With my washbowl on my knee;
I'm going to California
The gold dust for to see.
It rained all night the day I left,
The weather it was dry,
The sun so hot I froze to death—
Oh, brothers! don't you cry!
Oh! California!
That's the land for me!
I'm going to Sacramento,
With my washbowl on my knee!

I jumped aboard the 'Liza ship,
And travelled on the sea,
And every time I thought of home,
I wished it wasn't me!
The vessel reared like any horse
That had of oats a wealth;
It found it couldn't throw me, so
I thought I'd throw myself!

I thought of all the pleasant times
We've had together here;
I thought I ort to cry a bit,
But couldn't find a tear.
The pilot bread was in my mouth,
The gold dust in my eye,
And though I'm going far away,
Dear brothers, don't you cry!

I soon shall be in Francisco,
And then I'll look all 'round,
And when I see the gold lumps there,
I'll pick them off the ground,
I'll scrape the mountains clean, my boys,
I'll drain the rivers dry,
A "pocket full of rocks" bring home—
So, brothers, don't you cry!
Oh! California!
That's the land for me!
I'm going to Sacramento,
With my washbowl on my knee!

Publishers' Circular.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A NEW HISTORY.—It is rumored that Major Bliss, whose pen and sword alike contributed so largely to the glory of our arms in the late war with Mexico, is engaged in preparing a history of the campaign of General Taylor, all of which he witnessed, and most of which he was consulted about.

We sincerely hope that this rumor may be correct. Our fame and character as a nation are concerned deeply in having a competent chronicler of the memorable achievements of the American army in Mexico, and it would be a sad thing to have so important a work fall into the hands of men who may be either too little familiar with the minute history of these events to be full and correct, or too ignorant of the science of war, to appreciate some of the most substantial claims of our officers to admiration, or whose view of the dignity and offices of history might be unworthy of the events which it would be their duty to commemorate.

We believe the country is prepared to place great faith in any account which Major Bliss might give, of the period of his country's military history in which he has borne a most enviable part, and few men we think would be less likely to mar the usefulness of such a work with undeserved, indiscriminating laudation.

We know nothing of him except what is known to the whole country, but if he is entitled to half the reputation which he enjoys for conscientiousness and modesty, and is withal possessed of the rare literary accomplishments which are, we presume, deservedly ascribed to him, he is the fittest man living to write the history which rumor credits him with having undertaken.—*Evening Post*.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—A biography of this eminent man has just been published in London, in two volumes, by J. G. Lockhart. It is in substance an abridgment of the larger work by the same author. It appears that in the original arrangement between Mr. Lockhart and his publishers, it was stipulated that the biographer should enjoy the privilege of abridging his work at some future time. The matter of these two volumes is thrown into a more narrative shape than the primitive seven, and is enriched by some particulars which will be new to the reader. The author informs us that materials yet exist for a still more ample biography of the great novelist, abounding with rare information and details altogether unknown to the world. This is doubtless intended as a hint that Mr. Lockhart has many more volumes relating to Sir Walter already in preparation for the press.

LIBRARIES.—At a meeting of the Regents of the Smithsonian Institute, on the 6th instant, an interesting report was made by the assistant Secretary, acting as Librarian, in which the following facts were stated respecting the public libraries in the United States:

The aggregate number of volumes in these libraries is 1,294,000. The number of libraries is 182. Of these 43 contain over 10,000 volumes each, 9 over 20,000, and only 2 over 50,000.

These statistics suggest an instructive comparison between our libraries and those of the principal nations of Europe.

In the number of public libraries, France is the only country in the world which excels us. She has 241.

In the aggregate number of volumes, Germany with 5½ millions, France with about 5 millions, Great Britain with perhaps 2½ millions, and Russia with 1½ millions, take rank of us.

In the average size of libraries containing over 10,000 volumes, we are the last of all.

In the size of the largest library, we are also last of all.

In the number of volumes, compared with the population, we are below all but Russia and Spain.

The Trustees of the N. Y. State Library in their report, communicate this remarkable fact—one which is honorable to the State, and must be to

your Bar in New York like a sight of far off treasures. The Library has now a collection of all the printed reports of the United States, and of every State in the Union, which have ever been published, except one volume of Kentucky Reports—and for that they have made diligent search—as yet, unsuccessful. The Trustees have, however, a friend in that State, who is making every effort to find this "lost Pleiad" of the legal constellation.—*Courier and Inquirer*.

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